

# The Daily Mirror

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN GIVES "DAILY MIRROR" A MESSAGE TO BRITONS.



"Hear! for thy children speak from the  
uttermost parts of the sea."

J. Chamberlain      Kipling Song, the English  
March 11<sup>th</sup> 1905.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain consented to pose for this, his latest, photograph while writing the above inspiring message, which he sends to the people of Great Britain through the *Daily Mirror*, regarding which see page 3.—(*Daily Mirror* copyright.)



# AFTER THE GREAT BATTLE.

Remnants of the Russian Army Prepare to Defend Tieling.

## 20,000 MORE LOSSES.

400,000 Men To Be Sent to Manchuria Forthwith.

The latest official report received from Marshal Oyama announces 20,000 further Russian casualties. The terrible count of Russian killed and wounded now stands at 176,500.

At Tieling the fugitives are making frantic efforts to throw up defence works, and it is probable that an attempt will be made to resist the on-coming Japanese there.

The place, although strongly fortified, is too cramped to provide effective shelter for a large body of troops. The defenders will be further hampered by the number of wounded who have already found refuge there.

In St. Petersburg, says the "Echo de Paris" correspondent, it is feared that not a man will reach Harbin if the Japanese follow up their success.

Meanwhile a council of war has been held, and the determination to send 400,000 fresh troops has been taken.

## KUROPATKIN'S SILENCE.

Japanese Operations Described in Dispatches as "Reconnaissances."

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Two short dispatches from General Kuropatkin to the Tsar are issued this afternoon. The first, which is dated the 12th inst., says:

General Baron Meyendorff fell from his horse on the 10th inst. and broke his collarbone. He was sent to Kharbin. The surgeons hope that he will soon recover.

The second dispatch of yesterday's date is as follows:

I have received no report announcing any fighting. The troops are drawn up in order. The enemy is making reconnaissances.—Reuter.

## PREPARING TO DEFEND TIELING.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Preparations for the defence of Tieling are being carried on with frantic haste. New trenches are being dug and fortifications constructed.

According to telegrams from correspondents, the order to retire on the positions east of Fushun came to the Russian left as a complete surprise at a time when the Russians were more than holding their own.

The retirement was begun in the glare of the burning depots.—Reuter.

## PROBLEM OF THE PRISONERS.

NEWCHWANG, Monday.—The problem of transporting the thousands of Russian prisoners to Japan is now engrossing attention. It is stated that over 40,000 will be sent to Japan via Dalm, and that numbers more will be shipped from Yingkow when the river opens.

## HARBIN A CHARNEL-HOUSE.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The "Petit Journal" St. Petersburg correspondent says that Harbin has been turned into a vast hospital. "Numerous trains," he adds, "are arriving laden with wounded, mostly half frozen. A large number are dying for lack of medical attention."

## TSAR IN A TEMPER.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A violent scene, says the "Echo de Paris" St. Petersburg correspondent, occurred at the Cabinet Council held at Tsarskoe Selo on Friday.

Entering the Council chamber, the Tsar, it is said, spoke in violent terms, reproaching his Ministers.

M. Witte alone ventured to reply. He said that if they were to be thus reprimanded it was difficult for Ministers to retain their positions.

The Tsar retorted, "You can go as soon as I accept your resignation."—Central News.

## BALTIC FLEET SAILS.

PARIS, Tuesday.—A St. Petersburg message in the "New York Herald" states that Admiral Rojestvensky's squadron is leaving for the Far East to-day.—Reuter.

# MR. CHAMBERLAIN TO THE PEOPLE.

Gives a Message to England Through the "Daily Mirror."

## MR. KIPLING'S WORDS.

Those that have stayed at thy knees, mother, go call them in; We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin. Not in the dark do we fight—haggle, and flout, and gibe; Selling out love for a price, loaning our kiths for a bribe. Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise or fee. Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea!

—"A Song of the English," by Rudyard Kipling.

Our front page to-day is adorned with a special photograph of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., the most striking personality in the Parliamentary life of the time—a tribute warmly accorded by his followers and frankly admitted by those who acknowledge other leaders.

In addition to the photograph there is a facsimile of the great statesman's message to the English people, which we solicited.

The twentieth century pioneer of Protection is seen, pen in hand, writing this message, of which the *Daily Mirror* is the appointed medium.

He selected Mr. Rudyard Kipling's fine line from "A Song of the English"—"Hear, for Thy Children Speak from the Uttermost Parts of the Sea"—and attached his signature, as it to say: "That is my sentiment perfectly expressed by the bard."

## ENJOYING THE INTERLUDE.

Nothing was said about tariff reform. It was not to be a political interview; only a friendly favour for the *Daily Mirror*.

But by an association of ideas, the line seems somehow to hint at the fiscal question and the inequalities of free trade—"Hear, for Thy Children Speak from the Uttermost Parts of the Sea."

The excellent picture was obtained for the *Daily Mirror* by Mr. Chamberlain's ready consent.

It shows the ex-Colonial Secretary seated at his desk in his spacious study at Highbury, Birmingham. He is "posing," as photographers say, to suit the exacting requirements of the camera.

But in those pleasant, firm features it would be impossible to detect a vestige of that consciousness which haunts ordinary people under the camera's eye. The pose is natural enough to pass for a snapshot.

"You could not wish for a better sitter," says the photographer. "He was most anxious to oblige, and gave one the impression of enjoying the interlude in his day's work, laughing and joking as I twisted him gently this way and that."

It is not given to many men to twist Mr. Chamberlain.

## EYEGLASS AND ORCHID.

The photographer missed the orchid from its accustomed place, and upon his calling attention to the omission, Mr. Chamberlain promptly secured one of his beloved blooms and placed it in his buttonhole, remarking: "I suppose if I am taken with the eyeglass and the orchid I shall look the part better."

It would be hard to guess within ten years of Mr. Chamberlain's age from his appearance.

Born in 1836, he carries his three-score-and-nine years lightly. Even Gladstone at that age looked older than his Home Rule antagonist does to-day.

A doctor once said that Mr. Chamberlain never wasted an atom of tissue by worrying. No better explanation of his perpetual youthfulness could be advanced.

He entered the House of Commons in 1876, when forty years of age, and Dr. Osler, of Baltimore, had obviously overlooked Mr. Chamberlain when he staggered humanity with his random dictum that men were too old at forty for the accomplishment of great things.

Of course there is an exception to every rule, and Mr. Chamberlain is an exceptional man.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Twenty adults and children have been bitten by a mad dog near Scholz, in Livonia.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been ordered by his doctors to cancel a promise to speak at Reigate on Friday.

Mrs. Bridget Murphy, the last survivor of the loss of the troopship Birkenhead, has just died in Portsmouth Workhouse.

Sued yesterday for breach of promise, Mr. David Jones, of Denbigh, said that the lady, a widow, had said he was "neither animal nor human being."

A Porth collier, who has spent a small fortune and travelled thousands of miles to secure evidence of his claim to a disused public-house owned by his ancestors at Fishguard, was yesterday granted a new hearing.

# GUILLOTINE.

Mr. Balfour Announces Early Application of the Closure.

## DIARY OF AN M.P.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Tuesday Night.—Mr. Balfour had a big surprise for the Opposition this afternoon.

Quite unexpectedly he announced his intention of submitting to-morrow a motion calculated to secure the passage of the various Estimates now before the House before the end of the financial year.

There was a roar of indignation from the Opposition benches when the Prime Minister, in his blandest and most innocent manner, made this announcement, and there is little doubt that his proposal will lead to one of the briskest debates of the session.

It is not apparent why Mr. Balfour has taken this extreme step at this early period of the session, and the explanation of his action is awaited with much interest.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been communicated with this afternoon on the subject, and if he is at all able he intends to be in the House to-morrow to resist Mr. Balfour's motion on behalf of the Opposition.

## THE KING AND THE ARMY.

A good deal of talk has taken place in the Lobby to-night with reference to the published report of the active interference of the King in respect to various Army proposals which are now under consideration.

In official quarters there is believed to be some substance in the report, and Mr. Arnold-Forster is understood to be at present in a very perplexed condition as to what form his scheme is likely finally to take.

The step he has taken in addressing privately the military members of the House is, of course, designed to secure their good will and avoid dissent in the House, but the best informed among them tell me that the Government appear to be absolutely hopeless so far as Army administration is concerned, and everything points to a debate which may be very dangerous for the Government when the matter comes up for discussion.

It is exceedingly probable that the opposition will ask for a day to move a vote of censure on the Government in connection with the Auditor-General's report on the subject of wastage and extravagance in South Africa.

The principal feature of the debate on Naval Estimates this afternoon was Mr. Labouchere's amendment, which he moves year after year, glorifying in the fact that he is a Little Englander, who ever else may be ashamed of the name.

He believes that far too much money is spent upon both the Navy and the Army, and if he had his way he would cut it down by half.

## LIBERAL ABSENTES.

In view of a possible early election, the official Liberal Opposition did not at all relish Mr. Labouchere's frankness, and in the Division Lobby a number of them voted with the Government, while a considerable number abstained from voting.

There are rumours of a very lively attack being made on the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Carson, when the Whitaker Wright Vote comes up.

Mr. Balfour must be getting tired of private members' motions.

After having got out of the awkward fix in which he was placed by Mr. Winston Churchill's motion, he now finds that Mr. Joseph Walton has been lucky enough in the ballot to get first place this day fortnight to call attention to the Prime Minister's retaliation proposals, and he will move a resolution.

I believe the terms of the motion will be drawn up in careful consultation with the Opposition Front Bench, and the object will be to place Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in direct antagonism if possible.

I should not be the least surprised, therefore, if the debate should result in dividing the Ministerialists more than anything else that has happened this session.

## £10,000 DIAMOND ROBBERY.

German Traveller Cleverly Tricked in a Chemist's Shop.

A sensational robbery of diamonds worth £10,000 occurred in Birmingham yesterday afternoon. The victim was a German traveller, Herr Glattamau, who represents a well-known Paris firm.

He arrived in Birmingham on Monday with a brown kit-bag containing the diamonds.

Yesterday, in company with a representative of a Birmingham jewellery house, he paid several visits to dealers.

On his way back to his hotel he called at a chemist's shop in Colmore-row, and while making a purchase put the bag on a chair.

The next instant it was changed for another identical in appearance and of practically the same weight. He did not discover his loss till later.

# LAST NIGHT'S

## NEWSPAPER INNOVATION.

### Practically an Evening

"Daily Mail."

### AN IMMENSE DEMAND.

Precisely at 6.30 last evening an army of speedy couriers in carts and motor-bicycles sped to the West End of the metropolis, and to the great railway termini, with the 6.30, or White Edition, of the "Evening News," the unexpected advent of which has caused as great a sensation as the sudden disappearance of two of the oldest London evening newspapers.

At Piccadilly a large crowd awaited the arrival of the journal, and in every club, hotel, and restaurant during the evening might be seen eager readers scanning the novelty.

"Practically an evening 'Daily Mail,'" was the verdict heard on all sides, and within five minutes of the arrival of the first supply of the White Edition telephone messages were being dispatched to headquarters for further supplies, which were being printed continuously until 8 p.m.

The reception of the 6.30 p.m. "Evening News," with its complete budget of the day's telegrams, parliamentary intelligence, war cables, Stock Exchange prices, sporting news, fashionable intelligence, and law and police reports, made it abundantly evident that a new feature of London life has been introduced, and that there is plenty of room for a journal of the old "Evening Standard" type.

In the mere matter of size and variety of contents the White Edition is also a novelty to the metropolis.

### GREAT FIRE DISASTERS.

Many People Perish in Outbreak in a New York Tenement.

Two serious fires are reported from New York and Kharkoff.

The former outbreak took place in a tenement on the east side of the city, chiefly inhabited by foreigners, and out of twenty-one persons who perished, fifteen were Poles.

Against the rapidly-spreading flames the firemen bravely attempted the rescue of the 200 tenants, and saved a great many of them by means of scaling ladders. A large number of persons were, however, terribly injured.

At Kharkoff nine shops and an arcade were destroyed, and nine persons were severely injured. The damage is estimated at £100,000.

### "VIOLET" GANG.

Arrest of Parisian Robbers Who Use a Flower as Their Badge.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—"Meet me at Montparnasse Station. I have 150 cattle for sale. I will wear a bunch of violets."—Viscount de Feuillère.

In answer to this communication M. Montière, a cattle-dealer, proceeded to the railway station yesterday and found three young men wearing violets, who represented themselves to be sons of the Viscount.

He drove off with them in a cab, but they soon attacked him desperately.

By smashing the cab window he raised the alarm, and the three men were arrested.

They were discovered to be the leaders of a famous gang of thieves, of whom the Viscount de Feuillère and a number of pretty women are members.

Many arrests are expected.

### MOUNTAIN STILL SLIDING.

The "sliding mountain" at New Tredegar continues to move slightly.

Of the three colliery shafts affected, one has been abandoned. Another, not yet completed, will be used as an upcast for the present, since sinking work cannot be resumed till all danger is past. At the third it is hoped to resume work next week.

A young man, son of a great personage in Spanish society, and living as a hermit near Cifuentes, Spain, has been found lying in an abyss. It is supposed to be a case of murder.

## DEATH OF LORD ANGLESEY.

Eccentric Peer Dies of Consumption  
at Monte Carlo.

## HIS STRANGE CAREER.

Extravagant Expenditure Made Him Poor  
on £110,000 a Year.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MONTÉ CARLO, Tuesday.—The Marquis of Anglesey died to-day at 2.30 a.m.

The end was not unexpected after the relapse which followed the temporary improvement of two days ago.

The Marchioness had hastened to his bedside from Paris directly the unfavourable reports of the relapse reached her, was with him to the last, and a complete reconciliation took place.

It had been known for a long time that the Marquis was suffering from lung trouble, and latterly this was declared to be consumption. He had become painfully thin, and his cough seemed to shake his slight frame.

Then heart trouble made itself felt, and the Marquis was prostrated. Under the care of Professor Robin, who was summoned from Paris at a fee in keeping with Lord Anglesey's lavish nature, he appeared to be recovering. Once the relapse set in he was kept alive with oxygen.

Just before his death the supply failed, and only one bag could be procured in the whole town.

## FANTASTIC LIFE STORY.

Jewels and a Private Theatre His Chief Hobbies.

His name will go down to posterity, not for any great action, not for anything by which he has left the world better than he found it, but as that of a man—a young man, let us not forget—who found an income of £110,000 not enough to gratify his tastes.

Those who knew him will remember him with the regret that one must feel for a misspent life. Not that in the course of his short career he did harm. He was young; he had unlimited—or thought he had unlimited—wealth, and he spent it as his fancy directed.

### A Short Life.

If those ways were bizarre and seemingly foolish, it was not so much his fault as that of the system which produced the man and then placed the opportunities before him. His wealth came to him without labour. What wonder he spent it without thought? He was only in his thirtieth year when he died.

His two ruling passions were the stage and jewellery. If he had ruined himself upon the Turf no one would have been surprised, though they might have wondered how he could have spent so much.

To gratify his taste for the stage he built himself a theatre at Anglesey Castle, his family home. Though small, it was perfect. Money was lavished on every detail. The drop curtain was a wonder of scene-painting. Programmes were printed on satin. The most famous French costumiers dressed his productions. A company of about thirty actors was usually retained at high salaries.

### Wonderful Stage Dresses.

His own stage dresses soon became famous. At the production of "Aladdin," in 1902, he appeared in a tunic literally covered in jewels, while from his helmet hung great strings of pearls. "Little Red Riding Hood" was produced on a similar scale, and in "Bonnie Blue Boy" he was literally ablaze with gems from head to foot. Later he toured the country with the Haymarket success, "The Ideal Husband."

These plays, extravagant as they were, were not the cause of his first notoriety. It was the theft of £30,000 worth of jewels by his valet, and the subsequent law proceedings on their recovery and the capture of the thief, that raised him to fame. That a man should keep such jewels loose in his room at his hotel was sensational enough without

(Continued on page 11.)

## QUEEN AS SAILOR.

Her Majesty Eager to Cross "the Bay" for the First Time.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark and their infant son, yesterday travelled from London to Portsmouth, the first stage of her journey to Lisbon.

But her Majesty remained in Portsmouth Harbour during the night on board the Victoria and Albert, which was expected to sail early this morning.

The sea was fairly calm, and in any case her Majesty is such a good sailor that moderately rough weather has no terrors for her. She has never crossed the Bay of Biscay before, and is looking forward eagerly to the experience. It is also her first visit to Portugal.

If the royal yacht has a rough passage across the Bay it will perhaps put in for a few hours at Vigo. Otherwise there will be no stop before Lisbon is reached.

The King and the Prince and Princess of Wales were at Victoria yesterday morning to see her Majesty depart, and the royal train steamed out punctually at 10.26.

The Queen looked exceedingly well, and wore black with sable fur and a small toque. The Princess of Wales also wore black, and Princess Victoria, who had a knot of flowers in her coat, looked wonderfully well considering her recent illness.

### Comparatively Small Suite.

Eighty maids' maids are travelling with the royal party. Ordinarily her Majesty is accompanied by three maids and a hairdresser, but, owing to the limited accommodation on the royal yacht, the Queen has only taken two, while one hairdresser will attend to the needs of the party.

Altogether, including men-servants and others, the royal suite numbers some forty persons—not a great many for a Queen-Consort visiting a reigning monarch's Queen. But the visit is semi-private, though several splendid fêtes have already been arranged for Queen Alexandra's entertainment.

## L.C.C. "LORD MAYOR."

Young Man Becomes Head of the Capital's Great Governing Body.

Mr. E. A. Cornwall was yesterday afternoon unanimously elected Chairman of the London County Council in succession to Mr. J. W. Benn, M.P.

The new chairman, who is forty years of age, has been a member of the Council since 1892, and was the first Mayor of Fulham.

In commenting upon the huge and increasing responsibilities of the body which had to serve



Mr. E. A. CORNWALL.

a community of four and a half millions of people, Mr. Cornwall was confident that London, as the centre of the Empire, would sustain the reputation of our race as a self-governing people.

Mr. Evan Spicer, one of the aldermen of the first council, becomes vice-chairman, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clifford Probyn, deputy chairman.

## SEQUEL TO HOLBORN SCANDAL.

As a curious sequel to the investigation of Mr. Jones's mismanagement of the finances of the old Holborn Borough Council, Major Isaacs, once Conservative M.P. for Walworth, is a loser.

His "compensation," as surveyor of the old Holborn Board of Works, was estimated at £450 a year, when it should be only about £220.

The discovery was followed by Major Isaacs repaying £600 to the borough council, and he will now only receive about half the old amount.

## GROWING ARMY OF TEETOTALERS.

Less Alcohol Taken at London Restaurant Meals.

## WHAT IS THE REASON?

Teetotalism is becoming a fashion, both in the West End and in the City.

Opinion is divided as to the cause. Some attribute the wave of temperance to Lent and the religious revival, others to shortness of money.

But, whatever the reason, men no longer imbibe alcohol so freely, especially during the day, as a few years ago.

Hotel proprietors, restaurateurs, and publicans are unanimous on the point, and not one of them regrets the changed habits of their patrons.

The profits made from aerated water are quite as large as those from beer and spirits. Only the water-drinker is objected to.

Said the manager of Claridge's Hotel to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday:—"It is a wonderful change, and so sudden. Perhaps Americans have set the fashion. They are nearly all teetotalers."

"Nothing is commoner nowadays than for people to drink ginger-beer, apollinaris, or other teetotal beverages at lunch or dinner. I cannot account for it, but I do not in the least regret it."

"Of course there are still a large number who prefer a whisky and soda to any beverage in the world. Wines have fallen off."

At the Cecil, Langham, and Savoy a precisely similar story was told.

Mr. Charles Moore, of the historic Cheshire Cheese, agreed with the rest. He recalled the time, in his father's day, when habitues looked askance at a man who called for lemonade or ginger-beer, as if they regarded such an order as an affront to the house of Johnson.

Six Americans who dined at the "Cheese" a few days ago had one bottle of ginger-beer among them. They took away the cork as a souvenir.

## FORTY THIEVES' LUXURY.

Sacred Tapestries Deck the Walls of the Robbers' Retreat.

The examination of the band of robbers charged with committing depredations on a vast scale for a number of years in the neighbourhood of Abbeville was continued at Amiens yesterday.

On one occasion, in 1903, they broke into Tours Cathedral, stealing some tapestries of great value. These works, representing "The Nativity," "The Magi," "Jesus in the Temple with the Doctors," "The Presentation in the Temple," and "The Flight into Egypt," were afterwards found serving as portières in the house the robbers used as their headquarters.

On every possible occasion the prisoner Jacob burst into declamations against the nobility.

"The nobles," he said, "finding work honest, don't do any. They are the parasites of the nation. They get their money by marrying their children to Chicago butchers."

Since the trial began the Judges have received many menacing anonymous letters, and at the conclusion of the hearing cries of "Long live anarchy" were raised outside the court.

## HIDDEN TREASURE.

Arrested Man Claims To Know the Secrets of Black King's Hoard.

Great interest has been aroused in Bulawayo by the story of a hidden treasure belonging to the late King Lobengula.

The talk arises out of the sentencing of a man named John Jacobs, who has been arrested in Rhodesia on the ground that he was not a proper person to remain there.

He claims to have been private secretary to Lobengula, and to know the exact whereabouts of the treasure.

Lobengula is supposed to have buried it in 1893, just before his death, when he was flying from Dr. Jameson. It is probable that the Matabele King had possessions of great value with him at that time, as he sent a present of gold-dust and a letter to Dr. Jameson, who was pursuing him. The letter and present were never delivered, as they were seized by two troopers, who were subsequently found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment for their crime.

## PRETTY BUT UNPRONOUNCEABLE.

"Brassocatleyadigbyanoeshoderactenkerville" is the picturesque name of a new and pretty orchid exhibited by Lord Tankerville yesterday at the Royal Horticultural Society's fortnightly show, at its hall at Westminster.

The orchid obtained an order of merit, but it was unofficially suggested that a "nickname" should be found for it as soon as possible.

## BISHOP ON DANCING.

"Associations Essentially Other Than Religious"—Bazaars Banned.

The Bishop of Durham has issued an evangelical on the subject of dancing.

Asked by a correspondent whether he thought any real harm was done by organising dances in aid of funds connected with Church work, the Bishop says:—

"Without entering on the abstract question of dancing, under actual modern conditions, as an amusement, I will speak only of dancing as an auxiliary in the work of the Church, while leaving perfect freedom, of course, to others to form their conscientious opinions on the matter, and must frankly confess that I am not myself in favour of that mode of aiding the cause of the Church—that is to say, the cause of our Lord and His sacred society."

"The associations of dancing, in our time and country, are so essentially other than religious (I am not saying irreligious, which is another thing) that, to my mind, there is a discord in the thought of aiding the Church by such a mode of social entertainment."

"Speaking broadly, I do not think we are sure of God's blessing in using any means to aid His work for which we cannot naturally ask that blessing in prayer; and it would, I think, be felt by all to be difficult so to invoke God's blessing on the occasion of a dance."

## SERPENT IN A BOX.

Twenty-foot Python Thrown Up by the Sea at Brighton.

A Brighton coastguardsman, whilst on his rounds yesterday morning, made an interesting discovery.

Standing on the beach, having evidently been thrown up by the sea, was a box, three feet square, perforated with many holes.

The man prised open the lid and found there, encased in soft padding, the dead body of a huge python.

The monster was about 20ft. in length and 2ft. in girth.

It had evidently been consigned for exhibition purposes from a foreign port to England and, having died on the way, had been consigned to the sea.

The skin was in a splendid state of preservation, and the serpent was secured by a naturalist, who will stuff it.

## FIREMEN LOSE THEIR PET.

Euston District Station Mourns the Fate of Its Dog, Bruce.

The members of the London Fire Brigade attached to the Euston district headquarters yesterday lost their pet dog, a handsome collie named Bruce, who was run over by a hansom cab in Gordon-square and instantly killed.

Firemen's dogs are petted by the men that there are many instances of their having been killed by kindness," and their risk of being run over by engines is, of course, very great. But there is not nearly every London station.

One of the most popular is the Irish terrier at the Camberwell station, who accompanies his master every Saturday when he makes a tour of the South-Eastern district to pay the men's wages. Jack wears a smart ribbon for the occasion, and sits beside the coachman on the box.

## HIS OWN PARSON.

Woman Cruelly Duped by a Bogus Marriage "Under Scottish Law."

Pitiful was the story related in Penzance Police Court by a spinster named Mary Anna Berryman.

She said she had been through a form of marriage in her own house with a man of good education and, she thought, of considerable means.

He read a portion of the marriage service himself, and acted in the dual capacity of parson and bridegroom. Under Scottish law, she said, he told her they were man and wife. They visited different places, but the expenses were paid by her cousin.

The Court granted Berryman a maintenance order for the child of this mock marriage.

## THE DECLINING MILITIA.

The decline in the Militia is shown by the following figures, published yesterday:—

1900	100,371	1903	105,339
1901	100,574	1904	93,622
1902	93,774	1905	90,859
1903	105,333		

"To my faithful friend and clerk, Richard Moore," Alderman Thomas Llanwarne, solicitor, of Hereford, left the goodwill of his practice, his law books, his office furniture, and £1,000.

# WONDERS OF THE WEATHERWISE.

Strange Devices for Recording the Vagaries of the Climate.

## SUNSHINE METRES.

The wonders of the weatherwise were abundantly displayed yesterday at a meteorological exhibition opened at the Institute of Civil Engineers.

The lay mind was fairly bewildered by the wealth of strange instruments, such as rain-gauges, anemometers, barometers, etc.

An interesting feature was the collection of sunshine recorders. The earliest one in the collection consisted of a glass ball put in a wooden bowl. This was placed in the sun for six months. The heat of the sun caused the wooden bowl to be scorched, and by the depth of the burns the amount of the sunshine was determined.

One of the newest pattern sunshine recorders was taken by the Discovery to the Antarctic in 1902-3, and there gave the record sunshine measurement of seventy-two consecutive hours.

A wind instrument called a Thermopsychrometer, was shown. It can create a small fog. But unfortunately there was no instrument that could dispel a London fog—a thing very much more to the purpose. Perhaps this is hardly wonderful, since there is a ton of fog to every 40ft. of road.

On the walls were hung some coloured illustrations of sunset and sunrise in the Antarctic regions. The colours were most striking, varying from deep violet to most delicate pinks. These sketches are the result of the Discovery's voyage.

The clever inventors of various instruments would have suffered death some two hundred years ago on charge of dabbling with the black arts.

Yet in spite of all these ingenious wits, who can scarcely prognosticate to-morrow's weather?

Such instruments merely tend to show what is probable, and in England, as regards weather, the "probable" very rarely happens.

## ON SECRET SERVICE.

Mock Military Man Who Claimed To Be King's Messenger.

Posing as a Surgeon-Colonel and a King's Messenger, Molesworth McDonald obtained various articles from a curio dealer of Duke-street.

He showed the dealer the dispatch-box in which he said he was carrying secret dispatches from the Lord-Lieutenant to the King.

Fondness for medals was his specialty. He came to the shop with three on his breast, and said he was entitled to seventeen more.

He declared he was in the Zulu War with the Prince Imperial, and was the first officer to reach the side of the Prince when he was mortally wounded.

Yesterday, at Dublin, he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

## FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.

Boy Commits Highway Robbery and Burglary to Support the Home.

Although he had lost his work, John Robert Hammond, a fifteen-year-old boy, of Chatham, was determined that his mother should have his week's money as usual.

So he took a walk along a lonely country road, where he met a youth named Frank Weeks returning from work with his week's wages.

Waiting till Weeks had passed, he jumped on his back, gagged him with a handkerchief, and robbed him of the precious money.

He then went off to Frindsbury, where in broad daylight he forced the window of a house, ransacked the place, and stole various articles of clothing and jewellery.

The Chatham magistrates yesterday dealt with him under the First Offenders Act.

"A Highly Nutritious Food."—British Analytical Control.

## ONE CUP OF PLASMON Cocoa

contains more Nutriment than 3-lb. Beef, or ten cups of ordinary Cocoa, and is free from chemicals.

Aids Digestion. Braces the Nerves.

# LADY AND BAILIFFS.

Judge Comments Severely on Case of a General's Daughter.

Stylishly dressed and wearing a handsome fur coat, Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, said to be the daughter of General Fitzgerald, and residing at "The Poles," Lingfield Heath, Crawley, attended before Judge Bacon yesterday to be examined as to her means and ability to satisfy a jeweller's judgment for £88 odd.

Miss Fitzgerald has been called "the lady who assaulted the bailiffs" owing to her reception of them at "The Poles" when they came to distrain.

Her income, she admitted yesterday, was £79 a year. She had offered the jewellers £8, a month.

For the plaintiffs it was contended that in the Redhill County Court the lady had said the house was hers, and the bailiffs were trespassers.

Miss Fitzgerald, it was stated, gave plaintiffs a cheque for £7 1s. 8d. for an article costing a guinea, and received the difference in cash.

"This is not honest," said Judge Bacon, "to get out of a tradesman not only his goods but his hard cash."

Miss Fitzgerald: It was a mistake.

Judge Bacon: A mistake! It was a mistake you should have put right at once. Had this matter been presented in a different shape and in a different court it might have led to disastrous consequences.

An order was made for the payment of 10s. a month.

## NELSON TEA TROUBLES.

Judge Reserves Judgment in Application To Wind-Up a Syndicate.

For a company to be a sound concern it must have a "substratum."

In the law court that winds up companies a creditor yesterday asked that the Nelson Share Syndicate, Limited, should be wound up.

As his ground for this request the creditor, Mr. R. Morrison, stated that the syndicate had lost its "substratum" when the order winded up Nelson and Co., the "tea pensions" company, was made last month. The syndicate had been formed to acquire shares in the Nelson Company.

On behalf of the syndicate, counsel declared that it was in possession of a good "substratum," having entered into an arrangement with a well-known insurance company to carry on business.

The syndicate proposes to pay lump sums to purchasers of tea, not pensions.

Mr. Justice Buckley reserved judgment.

SIR CHARLES PALMER, M.P.,



The great shipbuilder, coalowner, and ironmaster, who is lying in a critical condition in his house in Mayfair.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## A SLAVE TO TOBACCO.

Conscience stricken at having obtained the tobacco only allowed to paupers of over seventy, Francis Ryan, an inmate of the Stepney Workhouse, confessed to the workhouse master that he was only sixty-eight.

Then he went away and hanged himself.

At yesterday's inquest, when a verdict of Suicide whilst deranged was returned, it was stated that the other inmates had threatened to "put him away" for the fraud.

## ICE-CREAM AND BEARDS.

During a case between hairdressers at Southwark County Court yesterday it was alleged that the business had declined through boys being employed.

"People," said a witness, "will not be shaved by boys who sold ice-cream in the summer and in the winter turned shavers."

# TWO MONTHS' BLISS.

A Yachting Trip Wrecks a Young Couple's Happiness.

## GENEROUS "AUNT."

"For two months I was supremely happy."

Mr. Bertram Stevenson, a young engineer and member of the Middlesex Yeomanry, told the Divorce Court about his "supreme happiness" yesterday, and used the above phrase, but he had add the ending unhappily usual to Divorce Court "supreme happiness" stories. His wife had been stolen from him by another man.

In June Mrs. Stevenson came to her husband one day and told him that she had received an invitation to take part in a few days' yachting. Might she accept?

Her husband asked who her hostess was to be, and she said, "Mrs. Mends."

## Strange New Gifts.

The cruise took place. When Mrs. Stevenson returned home she had in her possession, so her husband noticed, many additions to her wardrobe.

"Who gave you these things?" he asked. "My wife," replied Mrs. Stevenson.

Flowers and jewellery also arrived at the house. Was the aunt also responsible for these gifts? Mrs. Stevenson declined to answer the question.

So thus the state of supreme happiness sadly ended.

Uncertainty and fears gave way to a knowledge of the worst when Mrs. Stevenson, after a two days absence from home—"to visit her mother at Willesden"—admitted that she had been staying with Mr. Woburn Mends, a young man of considerable means.

He was the "aunt" who had given her the pretty clothes. The mystery of the jewels and flowers was explained.

## Futile Forgiveness.

So fond was Mr. Stevenson of his wife that he forgave her. She first promised never to see Mends again.

A week or so after the confession and forgiveness Mr. Stevenson had to go away to train with the Middlesex Yeomanry.

Mrs. Stevenson had told her husband that she was going to her mother's, at Willesden, while he was away training, and it was from Willesden that the following letter was—

My dear Bert, I am still at Willesden, where things have happened—naturally. I have been thinking over things, and I don't think we can go on living together as we have done for the last day or two, and these rows are so certain to recur that I think I had better not come back—EVA.

Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane pronounced a decree nisi. A sum of £500 was awarded to Mr. Stevenson as damages against Mr. Mends, that amount having been previously agreed upon.

It was also stated that Mr. Mends was anxious to marry Mrs. Stevenson, and had settled £3,500 upon her.

## HORSE DEALING MYSTERIES.

Judge on the "Most Disgraceful Trick He Had Ever Known."

The peculiar position of paying £13 10s. for a horse that was delivered to him dead, tell to the lot of William Joseph Davey, a licensed victualler, of Southwark Bridge-road. Yesterday he sued E. Miller, a horse-dealer, of Kensington Park, for the return of the money.

The plaintiff bought a chestnut gelding, but the defendant delivered on him a dead brown horse, saying the gelding had broken its neck. In court he said his man found the horse lying dead in the stable on the afternoon of the purchase.

The Judge: Perhaps it heard that it had been sold, and committed suicide. One of you are telling a very big—I won't say what. I have had something to do with horsey people before, and you mustn't astonish me too much.

After a long hearing his Honour Judge Addison, K.C., said that one of the most disgraceful tricks he had ever known had been played on Mr. Davey. It ought to be punished in a criminal court. He gave judgment for the plaintiff, with full costs and immediate execution.

## DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S DESPAIR.

"God bless those who have done good to me I have been deceived by those to whom I tried to do good. When the time comes I am prepared to die."

This statement was found in the possession of Arthur Bridgeman, the young ex-soldier, when arrested for the murder of Catherine Ballard, his late sweetheart's mother, at Bloomsbury.

At Clerkenwell yesterday Bridgeman was committed for trial.

# FAMINE OF CAVIARE.

Gourmets Deprived of a Luxury Through Russia's Troubles.

Gourmets, already distressed by a famine in plover's eggs, are now face to face with an almost unprecedented scarcity of caviare in London restaurants.

The shortage is attributed, as many evils usually are, to the war in the Far East.

Mr. Benoit, the well-known caterer of Piccadilly, yesterday admitted that he had never known a time when caviare was so scarce.

This was always a bad season of the year, he said, but, whereas, he could usually obtain about 200lb. or 250lb. from Russia even in March, during the last few weeks his supply had only averaged 50lb. weekly, and he was compelled to refuse customers every day.

## VENGEANCE OR ROBBERY?

Police Hunting for the Assassins of a Crimean Veteran and His Wife.

Such purposeless brutality is disclosed in the shocking murder of a Crimean veteran and his wife at Woodford, that the opinion is gaining ground that vengeance, not robbery, instigated the crime.

The name of the old soldier is Michael Connor, and he and his wife were popular with their neighbours. This makes it all the harder to understand the ferocity with which the deed was done.

The bodies are disfigured beyond recognition, and the violence used by the murderer, or murderers, may be gathered from the fact that the head of the hammer which was the instrument of death was broken off.

Police are still scouring the country in search of the assassins.

## LAWYER WANTED.

Ambiguity of a Lady's Will Leads to a Case in Appeal Court.

Somewhat indefinite was the will of Mary Catherine Lingard, who died in 1901. It left £500 to the convalescent homes at Bexhill, Bognor, Worthing, and Seaford.

There are, however, two homes at Seaford, and three at each of the other places. This has led to litigation.

An appeal by a Worthing home from Mr. Justice Farwell's decision that the bequest was £500 to each place, not to each home, was dismissed yesterday by the Court of Appeal.

## ATTACK ON AUSTRALIA.

Colonial Answer to Charges of Unfair Advertising.

A correspondent yesterday issued a letter in a London morning paper in bitter condemnation of the way in which Australia was being advertised in this country.

Here is a typical extract:

Australia is to be advertised all over Great Britain, picked photographs of spots which immigrants will never see are to be exhibited, views of buildings the cost of which is a millstone round the colonists' necks are to be brought forward. Scenes of country life which are only to be seen here and there are to be shown for the detection of would-be emigrants.

The various Agents-General for the Colonies smiled weakly when their attention was called to the communication above.

At the Queensland and New South Wales offices, however, the *Daily Mirror* was told that bureaux of information are soon to be opened in London for the guidance of inquirers.

"We are used to that sort of letter," said one official. "It is a tissue of lies."

The writer says that people with money to lose are the people the Australian Governments are enticing over. Lie No. 1! What we want is settlers for the land. Thousands of square miles of splendid country are vacant.

CHILDREN TEETHING  
TO MOTHERS.  
MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING  
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It sooths the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for TEETHING.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/- per bottle.

## INDICTMENT OF THE CHILDLESS.

Mr. Roosevelt's Scathing Criticism  
of the Modern Wife.

## HER "COLD SELFISHNESS."

President Roosevelt has once more returned to his powerful defence of family life and the great social obligations which rest upon men and women.

Stirred by the modern tendency to belittle maternity, he made his address at the Triennial Convention of the National Congress of Mothers at New York the occasion of some very plain talking.

Perhaps the most notable passage of a notable speech was that in which he said:—

The man or woman who deliberately foregoes the supreme blessings of children, whether from viciousness, coldness, shallow-heartedness, self-indulgence, or mere failure to appreciate the difference between all-important and unimportant—why such a creature merits a contempt as heavy as any that is visited upon the soldier who runs away in battle, or the man who refuses to work for the support of those depending upon him.

### Life of Cold Selfishness.

"What true mother," asked the President, "would barter her experience of joy and sorrow in exchange for a life of cold selfishness which insists on perpetual amusement and the avoidance of care, and often finds a fit dwelling-place in some flat, designed to furnish the maximum of comfort and luxury, but in which there is literally no place for children?"

To the type of woman who looks for this kind of existence was to be attributed the statistics of dwindling families in some localities and the census of divorce, which is fairly appalling.

Easy divorce was a bane to any nation. It was a curse to society and a menace to the home, an incitement to married unhappiness and immorality, an evil thing for men, and a still more hideous evil for women.

### EVERY MAN'S GUIDE.

Facts About "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" for Those Who Can Take Advice.

The wise man is always prepared to take advice. It is only the fool who thinks that he can do without it. The man of sound sense never delays to consult his lawyer or his medical man when he has occasion to do so, and for this expert advice he willingly pays a high fee, because he realises its value.

"The Harmsworth Encyclopædia," the first fortnightly part of which will be issued on March 21, is a kind of general information bureau. The trifling sum of a halfpenny per day, which amounts to sevenpence for each fortnightly part, suffices to secure the most up-to-date book in the world. It must not, however, be imagined that the price to the purchaser is any indication of the value of the book. Altogether there are no fewer than fifty thousand articles included in the book, and every subject upon which information can possibly be needed is thoroughly dealt with by a specialist in particular subject.

### Latest, Completest, Best.

Expensive as have been previous encyclopædias, they have all more or less passed into the list of "out of date." But here we have a book which contains all the latest information for the most moderate means as well as for the wealthy. "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" is the latest, the completest, and the best work of general information that has ever been compiled.

The arrangement of the work is as novel as its marvellous cheapness. In a word, "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" is the one work of reference which no one can afford to be without.

The system of issuing it in fortnightly parts at sevenpence each brings it within reach of all. The first part will be on sale everywhere on Tuesday, March 21; but an order should be placed with the newsagent at once to supply it regularly, as the demand is certain to be enormous, and it will be quite impossible to reprint the work.

### A MESSAGE FROM HOME.

\*\* The Overseas "Daily Mail" with its budget of latest home news is the best weekly message that the Briton abroad can receive from the old country.

This unique Empire journal is sent for 52 weeks, postage included, to any postal address on receipt of 5s. by the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, London, E.C.

Specimen copy forwarded on application.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Lord Knollys has ordered for His Majesty's use on St. Patrick's Day a supply of shamrock from Culleenamore.

Communication with the Bank Telephone Exchange, which was destroyed by fire on February 28, has been restored.

Damage to the extent of several thousands of pounds was caused by a fire which broke out at the Crewe Co-operative Stores yesterday.

Oswestry (Salop) Guardians have asked the Local Government Board to take a census of tramps in all the workhouses of the country on a particular night.

In his Bill, introduced to the House of Commons yesterday, Sir Herbert Maxwell seeks to prevent the sale of corn whisky as malt whisky by providing for the distinctive marking of casks and other vessels.

Kegworth, Leicestershire, the little town where the poet Moore once lived, is to have new industries. A lace factory was erected some time ago, and now an establishment for needlemaking is being constructed.

Heysham Harbour (Lancs) sheltered a steam trawler this week for the first time in its history. The vessel, appropriately enough, was the Desideratum, registered at Hull, and the unloading of her cargo of cod was accomplished in less than an hour.

As a test of sobriety, or otherwise, Dr. Lusk, of New Brighton, applied to a "patient" the pronunciation of "Nimminyminnyicknack." The man declined the effort to roll the word out, and the doctor came to the same conclusion as the police, viz., that the "patient" was drunk.

"This is a very gross case," said the chairman of the Manchester magistrates when a prisoner made his 144th appearance.

Only 1s. 2d. per 1,000 cubic feet for gas is charged to the consumers of the Sheffield Gas Company, and at the meeting of shareholders it was claimed that this was the lowest price in the kingdom.

Mr. Thomas Saul, father of the corporation of Yarmouth, died yesterday at the age of eighty-seven. He had held the seat as town councillor for twenty-five years, and occupied a variety of other public offices.

Through the choking of drains caused by heavy rains, St. Woolos' Church, Newport (Mon.), became flooded whilst a service was going on. Planks and sacks were used to extricate the worshippers, who were only able to make their exit by one door.

We lived in an age when everybody was talking about everything," said Canon Knox Little, at Manchester. It was not a careful, refined, scientific criticism, but a brusque and boring criticism. Men worshipped catchwords as if they were real things.

"Out of respect" to those who gave them, a Barrow man told the magistrates, he "smashed all the wedding presents" he and his wife received. The latter was refused a separation order, the husband stating that the trouble arose through her people coming to his house.

Quite Gilbertian was the situation presented at the Valley Police Court when a tramp named William Price unsuccessfully charged an Anglesey farmer with stealing his waistcoat, stick, and provision-can. Price had slept in an outhouse belonging to the farmer, and missed his property during the night.

## JAPANESE TROOPS LANDING FOR THE FRONT.



Thousands of Japanese troops have been sent to the front through Daini, the port they first captured from the Russians. This string of pontoons is being towed to the landing-stage by a steam launch.

Pedlars' certificates will no longer be issued in Liverpool to applicants who cannot speak English.

An unknown lady was taken ill and died in a few minutes in one of Slaters' restaurants, in Cheap-side, yesterday.

Alliegr's "Miserere," which was said to have been heard at St. Paul's last week for the first time outside St. Peter's, Rome, was "sung" at St. Margaret Patten's Church, E.C., in 1889, 1890, and 1892, so Mr. Wait, the organist, informs us.

Vagrants adopt peculiar but efficacious methods for obtaining a change of clothing. A casual at Manchester tore up his old garments and appeared in the police court in a sack. He will, of course, now have to be provided with clothes at the public expense.

Kissing has found defenders who see in the practice a means of supplying dyspeptics with beneficial microbes that will act as aids to digestion. Even handshaking, the "British Medical Journal" says, is condemned by some as promoting the exchange of undesirable microbes.

By sending a deputation to Germany the Manchester Rivers Committee hope to find some method by which the grease from the city sewage may be extracted and dealt with as a marketable commodity. At present the grease is skimmed from the sewage and sold without any attempt to refine it.

Dartmouth pilots are in the strange position of having two pilot-cutters without using either. With an idea of economy it was decided to keep only one in commission, and now owners and pilots cannot come to terms as to the other one. Meanwhile, both cutters remain lazily at anchor and a local tug is being used.

Negotiations are said to be in active progress for the amalgamation of the Society of Arts and the London Institution.

With only his face and head above the surface, the Rev. J. H. Horrox, vicar of St. Mary's, Newchurch-in-Pendle, Lancs., was found moaning in the watercourse in Pendle Forest. He had fractured his thigh in his fall from the footpath, and was unable to move.

For the next six weeks Bradford streets will be rid of a familiar figure. This was a mendicant named John Smith, who went about with his right arm in a sling and bandages. Under the spints the police found a sound arm; Smith had been trading on this supposed infirmity.

The appointment of the Select Committee which is to consider the telephone agreement is to be opposed until the Postmaster-General gives a guarantee as to the position of the employees of the National Telephone Company, when that body is taken over in 1911 by the Post Office.

Mr. J. M. Barrie tells an amusing story of how a man in the front row of the pit of a theatre avenged himself upon a woman in the last row of the stalls whose seat obstructed his view of the stage. "If you won't take off your hat," he said finally, "will you be so kind, my dear madam, as to fold back your ears?"

Mr. Michael MacDonagh, in reply to Lord Dilion's inquiry, says that the two species of plant now worn as the national emblem of Ireland were never eaten. What used to be eaten in the olden times was the wood-sorrel, a pretty wild flower with white and lilac blossoms, and trifoliate leaves, which English writers on Irish habits have confused with the shamrock.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal  
Photographs in To-day's  
"Daily Mirror."

## ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

### GREAT WELSH LANDSLIDE.

Among the many strange effects of the great Welsh landslide the damage done to the Brecon and Merthyr Railway is one of the most serious, for the wrecking of the line has caused considerable delay and heavy losses.

The photograph reproduced on page 8 shows how the line has been damaged. Boulders were first pushed up the 7ft. embankment on to the railroad, smashing the fences.

### CHINESE AND RUSSIAN GENERALS.

One of the latest moves in the great war must be counted among life's ironies. Russia and China are, nominally, on the most friendly terms, and our photograph on page 8 shows a friendly meeting between the Chinese General Ma and General Kuroptkin. But as soon as the news that the Russians had met with disaster was published General Ma was moved to be moving on Mukden with 30,000 troops. He is said to be going to protect the Imperial Tombs of the present Chinese dynasty, which are held in great veneration by all true Chinamen. It looks as though China meant this move as a hint to the world at large that she meant to resume her sway over Manchuria as soon as the Russians were driven out.

### BAND MOVING FROM MUKDEN.

By a somewhat curious coincidence we are able to reproduce a scene that occurred in Mukden only a few days ago. After the defeat at Liao-ting it was feared at Mukden that the city would fall into the hands of the Japanese. The bullion, specie, and books of the bank were removed in a great hurry in the manner shown in the photograph on page 8. The alarm proved false, and the treasure was taken back to Mukden, only to be removed again in exactly the same fashion when the Japanese really advanced.

### DROWNED IN A MOTOR-CAR.

It was some time before the body of Miss Notley, who was drowned in a most extraordinary way, could be recovered, and our photograph on page 8 shows that a diver had to be employed. The motor-car in which the lady was riding smashed through a wall and dashed into the river near Hanley, carrying her down with it into twenty feet of water.

### PLAYING THE "LAST POST."

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, General Sir W. H. Seymour, General Lord Chelmsford, and many other notable military men were present at the impressive scene shown in our photograph on page 9, when the "Last Post" was played in the cemetery at Aldershot after the remains of Brigadier-General Crabb had been lowered to their last resting-place.

### ACTORS' UNION.

Mr. Seymour Hicks Says "Strikes" Do Not Enter Into the Scheme.

The Actors' Union, formed by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. H. B. Irving, is already a success. A week ago there were seventy names on the list of membership; yesterday there were 280.

The first meeting will take place on Tuesday, April 4, at the Vaudeville Theatre.

Mr. Seymour Hicks told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday: "It is all nonsense about Mr. Irving and myself organising strikes among the profession. We simply want to improve and consolidate our financial conditions, and to create a self-supporting body."

Instead of inviting actors and actresses to give their services for the benefit of particular people, we shall organise entertainments occasionally for the union.

"The theatrical profession entertains about 100,000 persons nightly in and around London, and we are to blame for having no organisation as actors."

## LONDON APARTMENTS

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let or secured through  
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PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbot.

## Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1905

## THE PITY OF IT!

**O**F the dead no word but a good word." We have said many hard things in the past about Henry Cyril, Marquis of Anglesey—hard things and true things. Now that his poor, wasted body lies lifeless at Monte Carlo our only thoughts about him must be thoughts of pity and regret.

For years past he has figured large in the public eye. Follies that in a man of ordinary birth would pass unnoticed made him one of the most notorious people of his brief day. In his case every extravagance, every eccentricity was carefully recorded. Why? Because of the striking contrast between what he might have been and what he was.

Born of a noble family, heir to an historic name, owner of broad lands and splendid houses, controller of a great fortune, he seemed, when he came to man's estate, to have the world at his feet. "A lucky young man," was the popular verdict. Like most popular verdicts, how short-sighted it was!

Many a man working his way up the ladder of fame must have said to himself, "Ah! if only I had been born with such advantages as that!" Yet the truth is that Lord Anglesey's advantages were his ruin. If he had been an ordinary man he might have been a useful citizen, he might have won respect and honour instead of pity and disdain.

And there are many more beside Lord Anglesey whose characters are spoilt by their position and their wealth. They may not attract so much attention, but all the same they are frittering away their lives.

Will the world never understand how few human beings there are capable of bearing worthily the burden of riches they have not earned? Think of the number of devoted fathers, labouring early and late to-day, always with "the boy" in their thoughts: determined they will spare no pains to make their sons rich men.

Does it never occur to them to ask themselves whether this will be really to their sons' advantage? What a melancholy reflection, that, while they imagine they are ensuring "the boy's" happiness, they are often merely making for him a short cut to misery and disaster.

It is the struggle to succeed, the fight with adverse conditions, the bracing atmosphere of self-reliance, that build up character and make boys into men. Without these healthy influences they remain boys all their lives, irresponsible, unproductive, idle; cumberers of the earth, like this poor Lord Anglesey who now sleeps after his life's fitful fever, leaving such a sad record behind him.

Who shall say it was his fault? His "advantages" were too much for him. He could not stand up against the weakening, ruining influence of prosperity. The only epitaph for him is Othello's, "Oh! the pity of it, the pity of it!"

## A WAVE OF TEMPERANCE.

Whatever the cause, we welcome heartily the testimonies, which we publish this morning, to the fact that a wave of temperance is passing over London just now.

The amount we spend on drink as a nation has been decreasing now for six years. Since 1899 seventeen millions sterling have been knocked off it.

But we spend far too much still—close on £4 a head, taking the whole population of the United Kingdom, men, women, and children; and it is good news that on all sides people seem still to be drinking less and less.

We have no sympathy with fanatical teetotalers, but there is no question that, as individuals and as a nation, we shall be far more efficient when we cut our drink bill down to a more moderate figure.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Clothes give us individuality, distinctions, social dignity: clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to make clothes screens of us.—Carlyle.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

**L**ADY STRAFFORD'S dance, which takes place in her St. James's-square house to-night, has been eagerly expected by her younger friends, who know what a kind and attentive hostess she is. Lady Strafford is a daughter of the late Admiral Lord Frederick Kerr. She married into a family which is supposed to be eternally unlucky. The present Lord Strafford's brother, the fourth Earl, who was an old friend of Queen Alexandra, and served her as equerry for many years, met with a tragic death in 1899. He left London one morning to go, I think, for a few days to his seat in Hertfordshire.

\* \* \*

At a wayside station, where he had to change trains, he was seen walking up and down the platform. The train appeared, and to the horror of all who were waiting on the platform Lord Strafford suddenly fell headlong in front of it. He was killed instantly, and it was supposed that he had

But nothing disturbs Signor d'Annunzio's opinion of himself. He who calls himself "Gabriel, the Messenger" and implies that he has been sent (though on a very dubious mission) from the powers above, appeared again and again at the end of each act and received the howls of weariness with a delighted smile. It was in Rome, I remember, and after a performance of "La Dame aux Camélias," that he first met Eleonora Duse. He went behind the scenes to congratulate her on her performance. They met in the narrow wings after her last exit, and his first words were: "You are a perfect woman to love." Since then he has had only too dominant an influence over her life.

\* \* \*

Signora Duse begins her performances in Paris this week. There is certain to be a great crowd at all of them, for her last brief visit, some seven years ago, only excited the curiosity of the Parisians, without satisfying it. Madame Sarah Bernhardt lent her own theatre on that occasion, and sat in a box, looking very impassive, on the first night. It was Madame Bernhardt's example

"Ian Maclarens" gave a most successful lecturing tour in the United States once, and has had considerable experience of American methods of travel. One day an unusually hurried Yankee was shown into his study. He had sent up his card, explaining that he was an admirer of the writer's work. He grasped "Ian Maclarens" by the hand and said: "My name is Elijah Higgins, and I am a busy man. Four days is all I can give to the United Kingdom, and I wanted to shake hands with you. Good-bye." With that, and leaving his host speechless, he vanished from the room.

\* \* \*

I hear from Taormina, that lovely sun-bathed spot in golden Sicily, that the hotels there are crowded with well-known English people. The Hotel Timeo was emptied of visitors last Wednesday to be prepared for the stay of the German Emperor. Mr. Ritchie, with two of his daughters, has just arrived from Syracuse. Mr. Robert Hichens, now a confirmed wanderer, is there, and also Mr. Douglas Sladen, whom the Italian papers insist on calling "Sir," because his book on Sicily has brought them so many visitors. At the carnival ball Mr. Sladen appeared in a sky-blue peignoir as Mrs. Eddy! Sir Titus Salt, Lady Kitson, Prebendary Fox (of the Church Missionary Society), and Canon Tristram are amongst others well-known people in the town.

\* \* \*

Lady Denman's political party, which she has decided to give in her father's, Sir Weetman Pearson's, large house, in Carlton House-terrace, is sure to be well-attended to-morrow. Lady Denman has not yet been married two years, and this is the first party she has given since her marriage. Her husband is a smart, perfectly dressed officer, who served in the South African war. He was extremely popular with his men. After one particularly wearisome march through driving rains, he sent an orderly round with a bottle of whisky for each tent. The men could hardly believe it. Officers, especially when short of luxuries, seldom do those things.

\* \* \*

Preparations for the most important wedding of the year, the wedding of Mr. Marconi and the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, which is to take place to-morrow, are now quite completed. Presents for Mr. Marconi keep pouring in from all parts of the world. His room in Piccadilly is literally stuffed with parcels. The bride has received a magnificent set of Russian sables from the Marconi Company, as well as some splendid jewellery from her own friends. She has also been given a splendid set of old French furniture, and her fiance has presented her with a beautiful diamond tiara and a collar to go with it.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## The Commander of the Royal Yacht.

**R**EAR-ADmirAL SIR BERKELEY MILNE holds a very responsible position. As Lady Lyttelton once put it, he has charge "when the fate of England is at sea." Now the Queen of England is entrusted to his care as she voyages to Portugal.

He is a fine officer, and holds his position by the King's special choice. First he commanded the Osborne for four years, and continued to do so by his Majesty's special wish after he had received his promotion to captain's rank.

Two years ago the King again selected him to command the royal yachts, and he still holds his position though he has received his step and is now a rear-admiral.

And he is not only one of the most distinguished officers in the Navy, but also one of the most distinguished-looking. He is not only a finely-built man, but a handsome one, and his closely-clipped grey beard, now almost white, contrasting with his dark moustache, gives him a striking appearance.

In London or at sea he is equally popular, and even his dispute with Mr. William Astor only helped to strengthen his position in the social world.

One day, five years ago, London was surprised to see a notice in Mr. William Astor's paper, the "Pall Mall," to say that Sir Berkeley Milne had been present, though uninvited, at an Astor concert just before.

Society took sides, the sailor was called to Marlborough House to explain, and did so successfully. His club backed him up, and the matter dropped.

He is too well known as a gentleman for the incident to hurt him, either then or afterwards.

## IN MY GARDEN.

**M**ARCH 14.—There are two ways of gardening—the expensive and the inexpensive.

A gardener addicted to the former method will be continually buying plants, of which, after they have blossomed, he takes little or no care. He also always buys plants, as rearing flowers from seed is "too much trouble."

In reality a garden can be filled with flowers at a surprisingly low figure. Fifty larkspur grown from seed cost threepence. Yet one good root costs about sixpence!

Most hardy plants can be increased by division. Now is the time to dig up out-lying portions of perennials and replant in fresh soil. E. F. T.

## HOW THE LATEST FASHION IN HATS WAS EVOLVED.



HER FAMILY: Good Heavens! You can't wear a hat like that!



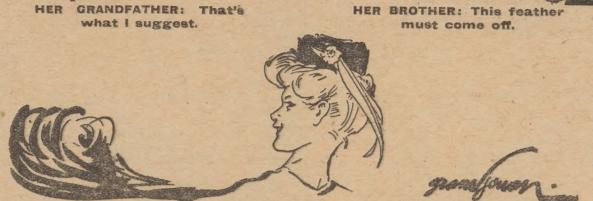
HER FATHER: I must have that wing off.

HER UNCLE: And here goes the brim.



HER GRANDFATHER: That's what I suggest.

HER BROTHER: This feather must come off.



And that is how the fashionable "polo" hat came into being!

By kind permission of "Le Rire," Paris.

been taken with a fit at that fatal moment. Not long before this his two sons had died—very suddenly. One was drowned on his way home from Australia, the other died of typhoid at the age of twenty-four, immediately after he had taken up an appointment at the British Embassy in Paris. The first Earl of Strafford was beheaded under Charles I., so the family story opened with bad omens, too.

\* \* \*

I am not surprised to hear that Signor d'Annunzio has decided to produce his new play, "The Few" at the Bushell's, at Milan, where he has few enemies than at Rome. The first night of "Francesca da Rimini" at Rome was a fiasco. Signora Duse, the picture, as usual, of irredeemable grief, wandered listlessly through scene after scene of the immensely lengthy drama. The audience grew weary, grew indignant—they expressed their approval only of one passage in the play. That was when a character in the last act suddenly exclaimed: "I am weary, very weary." Immediately a clamour of assent rose in every corner of the theatre, and the audience unanimously roared: "Yes! We are weary, very weary, too!"

which first gave Duse heart in the struggle for success. She had been acting half-heartedly at Turin. One day Sarah appeared there, bringing her black slave, her tiger-skin, her wolf-hounds, her crocodile, and all the other paraphernalia of advertisement. When Duse saw how imperious, how triumphant Sarah was, she also determined to reach the summit, and worked until she did.

\* \* \*

The Rev. Dr. Watson, better known to the story-reading public as "Ian Maclarens," who has just made up his mind, after some hesitation, to retire from his duties as a clergyman, is as popular with his parishioners as with the larger public that only know him by his writings. He is an amusing and cultivated man, and one of the best after-dinner speakers I have ever heard. He has travelled a good deal. He tells an amusing story of a trip he once made to the Holy Land. On his way to Jerusalem he met an American, who asked him where he was going. "To Jerusalem," said the American in "disgust." "Jerusalem!" said the American in "disgust." "It's a slow town. Why, there isn't a daily paper in the whole place!"



# NEWS BY CAMERAS



KUROPATKIN MEETS THE CHINESE GENERAL.



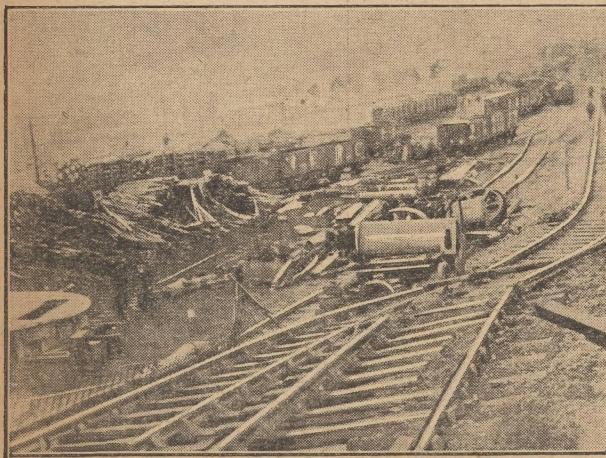
There is a particular interest attached to this photograph just now. It represents a meeting between the Chinese General Ma (1), who is reported to have marched on Mukden with 30,000 troops, and General Kuropatkin (2).

DIVING FOR THE VICTIM OF THE MOTOR-CAR'S PLUNGE.



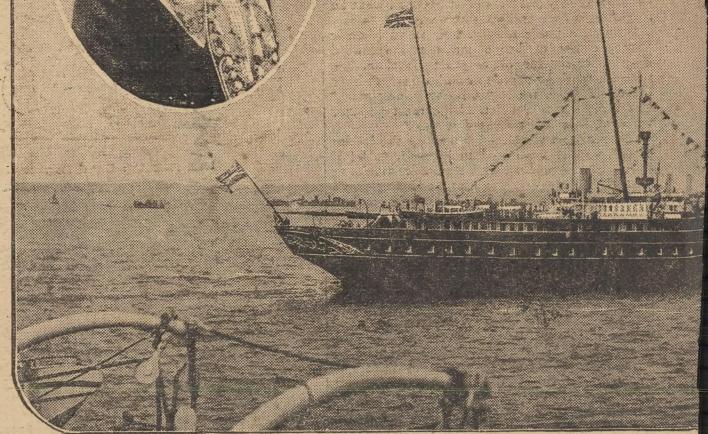
The motor-car which plunged into the Trent carried down with it a young lady, who was drowned. This photograph shows the diver going down to the bed of the river, which is here twenty feet deep.

WELSH RAILROAD DAMAGED BY LANDSLIDE.



Four hundred yards of hillside are sliding in the Rhymney Valley. Colliery levels have been filled up and the Brecon and Merthyr Railway seriously damaged. Boulders leapt the railway embankment and threw down the railings shown in the left of this photograph, while the earthslide caused the wreckage on the lines.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S VI



Yesterday the Queen, accompanied by the Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles in the Mediterranean. Our photographs are of Queen Alexandra, Queen Amelia, the Princess Victoria, and the Queen. Graphs by Lafayette, Dow

CARRYING OFF BULLION FROM BANK AT MUKDEN



A report that the Japanese were approaching Mukden was spread in that city some time before the actual downfall, and the false alarm caused the specie, bullion, and books of the bank to be hastily carted off in the manner shown above. A similar scene was enacted only a few days ago, but then the report was well founded.

A great gathering shot w

FOR R

# PICTURES OF EVENTS



TO PORTUGAL.



mark, I. England for a visit to Queen Amelia of Portugal at Lisbon and a cruise and the yacht Victoria and Albert, on which the royal party will travel.—(Photo-d Cribb.)

DING THE "LAST POST" OVER GENERAL CRABBE'S GRAVE.



of military notabilities assembled for the funeral of Brigadier-General Crabbe, C.B., who was buried at Aldershot with full military honours. This photograph shows the buglers sounding the "Last Post" in the cemetery.

THER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 8.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.



The beautiful Marchioness of Anglesey, the daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, who was married to the late Marquis in 1888. The marriage turned out unhappily, and the Marchioness brought a suit of nullity. Though this was withdrawn a separation was arranged. The day before he died, however, they were reconciled, and his wife remained with him to the last.—(Barnett.)



Henry Cyril Paget, fifth Marquis of Anglesey, who died at Monte Carlo early yesterday morning, in his thirtieth year. The story of his strange career will be found on pages 4 and 11.

MARQUIS ON A THEATRICAL TOUR.



The Marquis of Anglesey is here seen talking with some of the leading ladies of a theatrical company with which he was touring through the provinces.

# IS AH WING GUILTY?

Was Mrs. Stanford, the American Millionairess, Murdered by Her Chinese Cook?

Who killed Mrs. Stanford, the American multi-millionaire widow, and why? What reason had anyone to murder a woman who devoted her enormous wealth to charity?

There seem to be only four possible solutions. (1) That she was murdered in order that her inheritors might benefit before she had disposed of all her money in charity. (2) That she was murdered in revenge—by a secret Chinese society. (3) That a large insurance society had an interest in her death. (4) That she was murdered by some insane person, who struck at her, attracted by her great name.

Mrs. Stanford was one of the wealthiest women who has ever lived. Her husband, a United States senator, made his riches out of mines and railways, but they meant very little to him. His life, and that of his wife, was centred in their son. When he died at the age of sixteen of typhoid



Mrs. STANFORD.

fever they gave way to despair, but then decided to found and endow a university to his memory.

For ten years the millionaire worked at his sole leisure, and then died, making his wife his sole heir, and leaving her to carry on the work. Since that time, 1888, she has lived for the one object.

To-day the assets of the institution, the Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California, are valued at £6,000,000, all of which has been given by them, and provide for the free education of 1,462 students, of both sexes, by 113 professors.

## A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON  
and HEATH HOSKEN.

### CHAPTER LVIII.

Not ten yoke of oxen have the power to draw us like a woman's hair.

In due course Billy arrived.

When Vanna greeted him she felt a thrill of intense relief and pleasure that she hoped fervently was prophetic of the good that his coming would do.

His tall, well-knit figure and pleasant face, his frank, breezy manner and jolly, good-tempered laugh, all filled her with confidence. This was the companion Joan wanted, the chum of her Paris days, before strange and disturbing influences had come into her life. She would go back with him to those days and forget all the things that had happened in between, which, however strongly and deeply they had moved her, were, after all, emotions unnatural in a girl of her age.

What she wanted was cheery companionship, chaff, and banter, and a little good-natured teasing, the wholesome, everyday social life of ordinary human beings.

Billy Charters was ordinary in the very best sense of the word. He was absolutely normal; his taste for food and robust health of none of the average Englishman's sound common sense; he was strong and vigorous; he loved life; and he had had in full measure that sterling and unequalled quality of knowing how to make the best of things.

And so Vanna, who before had looked upon him with no favourable eye, when, losing sight of all but worldly things, she had wanted Joan to marry the young Duke of St. Peter's, now hailed his

plain sailing, and owing to a law action with the United States Government over a claim against her estate for £3,000,000 she found herself at one time reduced to actual want of money for her work. She even arranged to sell her jewels, but the sacrifice was not necessary. Later she did so voluntarily to build and endow a church.

What enemies can such a woman have had? Her life of almost eighty years was devoted to others.

Yet she knew her life was threatened. Only a few months ago an attempt to poison her failed. While at her home in San Francisco, in January, the water in a water-bottle "was poisoned with strichine, but the dose was so strong that it acted as its own emetic, and she was little the worse, though much upset by the shock. The water in the bottle when analysed was found to contain poison enough to kill several people.

#### POISONED BY STRICHINE.

When she had recovered she set out for a voyage to the East. At Honolulu, at the beginning of this month, the attempt was repeated, and succeeded.

The poison—strichine again—was mixed with some bicarbonate of soda in a bottle. Soon after retiring to bed Mrs. Stanford took a teaspoonful of the powder and died soon after, in spite of all the doctors could do. There was enough poison in the bottle to kill more than six hundred people.

With her at the time were her maid, her companion and secretary, Miss Berner, and her Chinese cook, who has been arrested.

Her maid had been with her for years. Miss Berner had been her trusted friend for twenty years.

Ah Wing, the Chinese cook, had only been in Mrs. Stanford's employ for a short time. Previously he had been employed by Mrs. Langtry, and discharged. The blow must have been struck from within, for the murdered woman was carefully guarded by her servants. Even her relations were often allowed to see her when they wished to.

#### WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE?

America has jumped to the conclusion that Ah Wing administered the poison, but is speculating as to his motive.

An insurance company is interested in the death of Mrs. Stanford to the extent of £200,000, provided she died before a certain date. Was Ah Wing in their service?

Her relatives feared that she might dispose of the remainder of her fortune in charity and to the university. Did Ah Wing act in their interests?

Did Ah Wing carry out the decree of a secret Chinese society? There is a rumour that such a society had a deep animosity against the murdered woman.

Is Ah Wing a homicidal maniac? For the clearing up of those questions America is anxiously awaiting his trial.

#### RAIN-MAKING IN SERVIA.

Just now, when Servia is suffering from want of rain, the old ceremony of invoking rain is being carried out in the villages.

The women of the village dress a girl in leaves and grass from head to foot—she must wear no other clothes—and lead her from house to house. At each door the occupant of the house pours a bucketful of water over her head, while her companions, mostly girls of her own age, chant prayers for the hoped-for showers.

The peasants have a profound belief in the ceremony, saying that invisible clouds of rain follow the girl, whom they call the "Dodata," and ultimately refresh the fields and vineyards.

advent as if he were veritably the one person who could cure her daughter's sick mind.

Lady Betty, when he had been presented to her, after he had changed his clothes and breakfasted heartily, said exactly the same thing.

"My dear, he will do Joan all the good in the world. What a nice boy! A thoroughbred Englishman—there's nothing like it in the world! It was indeed an inspiration of yours to send for him."

Billy had gone off to find Joan, who was in the garden.

"You understood from my letter, didn't you, Billy?" Vanna had said to him, "Joan has been very ill—frightfully ill. She is quite well now; her body is quite strong again, but she wants rousing, taking out of herself. She doesn't take any interest in anything. People are often like that, aren't they, Billy, when they have been very ill? There are no young people here she seems to care about. You know how she is of strangers. So Lady Betty asked me to ask you to come and stay with us for a bit. Joan is so fond of you, and I knew I could rely on you to come if you thought you could be of any use to her. That's the best of all, in the end, Billy, the person one can rely on."

"Of course, you can rely on me, Mrs. Tempest," he had answered cordially. "I should rather think you could. I was terribly upset when you wrote and said Joan was ill. She wants cheering up, what you mean. Of course I do."

A little bullying and ragging will make a different girl of her. I can't tell you how useful I am that you thought of me, and it gives me a ripping holiday, too, you see! And isn't Lady Betty perfect dear? I feel as if I'd wasted an awful amount of time, because I've never met her before. And now I'll go and find Jo, and you may be sure I'll do my very best to cheer her up."

So he had gone off, through the lovely gardens, with their riot of colour and scent, whistling softly,

## THROUGH THE MIRROR.

### A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

As the summer is soon likely to appear, I venture to suggest that with it the trains, trams, and omnibuses should throw off their cushion garb, and assume a shiny, perforated one, capable of being cleaned every day with germ and vermin killer.

Apart from the sanitary advantage, I am sure every passenger would be glad to welcome cool, healthy, comfortable seats.

### COMMON SENSE.

#### EDUCATING THEIR ENEMIES.

You say in your leading article that Russia's only chance against Japan is to spend fifty years in bringing herself up to date—that is, in educating herself and her people.

The Japanese have begun this process already. The Russian prisoners are being taught to read and write by their captors. If only Japan could capture the whole Russian nation the awakening of Russia might be as quick a process as was the awakening of Japan.

HUGH ARDAGE.

#### DEARTH OF HAIRDRESSING TALENT.

Where can a woman get her hair properly and regularly washed in London?

Don't tell me Bond-street, where they charge a guinea a time. In America I used to be shampooed and brushed and have a good tonic rubbed in for seven-fives cents (3s.) a month.

There every big store has a really good and up-to-date hairdressing department. The consequence is that you never hear of a lady washing her own hair.

Here, in London, hairdressers complain that most ladies wash their own; and if they all have gone through my experience this last two years it is no wonder!

CONSTANT READER.

#### SMOKING IN THE HOME.

I think the argument of "A Wife Whom Smoking Disgusts" is ridiculous. Does she also believe that if God had meant man to drink water He would have provided man with a long neck like a horse in order that he could drink from the running streams?

A SOLDIER.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A minister in America once said to me: "If the Lord had intended a man to smoke, He would have placed a chimney on his head." I replied: "If the Lord had intended us to wear clothes, we should have been born with them on." That, to my mind, is quite as sensible as the remarks of your fair correspondent.

Whitechapel, Salop. INVETERATE SMOKER.

"A Wife Whom Smoking Disgusts" is talking on a subject she evidently knows nothing about. As regards a puff of smoke, half-blown by a smoker, such a statement is absurd.

Were we to canvass the whole of the smoking world for opinions on the matter, ninety-nine in every hundred would say that smoking did not interfere with their optical capacity in any form whatever.

F. J. T. R.

It is such women as "A Wife Whom Smoking Disgusts" who drive men out of their homes to clubs or public-houses.

Her remark about God making a hole on the top of men's heads for the smoke to escape is absurd. She might as well say we women ought to have holes in our heads to stick our hats through.

COMFORT.

Herford-road, East Finchley.

with his young, warm blood tingling in his veins, because of the beauty of the earth and of the spring morning and of the sapphire sea, but not only because of all that, although he himself hardly dare give a name to the joy song of his heart.

He found Joan on the marble terrace. She was dressed in white, and a wide hat shaded her eyes from the powerful sun. There was a book on her knees, and another one lay, with her parasol, on the ground beside her.

She was not reading, though. She was gazing out over the sea, and listlessly twisting a spray of purple clematis between her fingers.

Billy called out to her while he was still a little way off.

She looked up then; his footsteps did not seem to have disturbed her thoughts. She smiled, but palely, and rose from her chair, and came to meet him.

"Now, tell me, Jo," he said, exactly in his old bantering manner, "that you are glad to see me!"

"Of course I am, Billy," she answered; but, as soon as her smile faded, he saw that her face relapsed into an intense weariness that was a strange expression, indeed, for a girl to wear.

"And so you've been and given us all a terrible fright!" he went on. "I hope you're ashamed of yourself, Mam'selle!"

Again the ghost of her old smile flitted across her face.

"You're just the same, Billy," she said: There was a note of wonder in her voice, as if she could hardly understand how anybody could be the same again.

"And you've got to hurry up and become just the same, Jo," he said, with a touch of seriousness in his gay young voice. "I'm going to prescribe for you, young lady. Long walks and excursions. I know some lovely little places in the mountains

(Continued on page II.)

## ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION,

and other Throat and Lung Troubles; Stomach and Liver Disorders, etc., etc.

## ABSOLUTELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED

By the NEW "NATURE" Cure

90,000 Cases

ALREADY SUCCESSFULLY TREATED,  
including hundreds of so-called "incurables" who  
had been given up by eminent Physicians and Hospitals.  
I guarantee to forfeit

£1,000 if I Fail

to prove that any testimonial I publish is a bona-fide extract from the patient's own letter.

Incredible as many of the statements seem, they represent only what is actually occurring daily, as a result of the "NATURE" Cure, the basic principle of which is assisting Nature's recuperative force instead of trusting to coercive and

The most perfect vindication of my claim to cure disease is to be found in the fact that I have successfully treated over 90,000 cases, many of which were certified as being chronic and hopeless in all hope of recovery.

Remember these are not idle boasts—they are facts, which I am always ready and willing to prove and to view with the most entire confidence in the efficacy of my new treatment, any doubt or prejudice on the part of a sufferer is little short of criminal folly.

Send for my free book, "THE NATURE CURE AND PERMANENTLY CURE such dread disorders as Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, etc. I am making a special offer to all my readers, that if you will send me your address, I will send you my book, "THE NATURE CURE AND PERMANENTLY CURE such dread disorders as Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, etc."

MY NEW BOOK  
explains the treatment fully, and contains a large number of testimonials—from persons suffering in the same way as yourself—also much useful information. I will send you a copy of it

## FREE AND UNDER COVER

if you send me your address. Read my "NATURE" treatment, although infinitely more effective than any other treatment ever devised, is at the same time so extremely economical as to bring it within reach of all classes, and it can be obtained without the slightest interference with one's daily occupation.

## READ THIS

### A SOLEMN DECLARATION

#### COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS.

The following statement (one out of thousands received) has been solemnly declared before a COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS; and its accuracy verified by me for one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace.

Dear Sir.—About eight years ago I had Bleeding of the Lungs, and was compelled to give up smoking. I have had an attack of Bleeding from the Lungs every August for six years; the last bleeding occurred on the 2nd of August, and at the same time I vomited about one pint of blood from the lungs.

My doctor said I could not have vomited any more if I had lived. I was examined by a physician who said I had two years to live, and always felt tired and weak.

I was laid up several times. The shortest eight weeks, the longest two months, and I had Night Sweats. My friends had given me up, and I thought I was a hopeless case.

ago I commenced the Weidhaas Home Treatment, and to-day I never feel better and stronger in my life. I am not now liable to the fits of coughing and lung-suspirations I commenced this treatment. Two physicians have recently examined my lungs, and have failed to find any disease. I have asked them to make what use you like of this statement for the sake of others who suffer in a similar way.

Kidderminster, Worcester. (Signed) E. FOSTER.

Signature, (Signed) E. FOSTER.

A. HARDWICK, A Commissioner for Oaths (Signed) A. SCARSH (BRITONTON).

I am 75 years old, and for over 37 years I suffered from fits of coughing and wheezing. I got so weak from constant coughing that I went out walking or went up stairs with difficulty for a long time.

CURED AT LAST

for an hour. I was afraid to do any household work, and the doctor said I should never get well again. I slept in bed for three months at a time, but I could seldom get down, and did not dare to go out. When I tried the Treatment, and persevered with it, and now I am completely cured.

Despite my age, I can still do my domestic work. (Signed) Mrs. INKPIN.

More than four years later, Mrs. Inkipin said, "I have never had a cough since."

(Full address on application.)

If you suffer with any Throat, Lung, Liver, or Stomach trouble, you should

## WRITE FOR THE BOOK TO-DAY.

If you have any friends who suffer, it would be an act of humanity and kindness to pass on my book to them, or if you prefer, to give it to the Royal Hospital for the Poor, or to any other charitable institution.

I can cure them permanently.

Every day I receive letters from old patients telling me that they are still free from all trouble, and that they are not merely aliyay symptoms, but that it eradicates disease.

Please write for the book and some particulars of your symptoms, and I will tell you frankly if your case comes within the scope of my Treatment or not.

Send for my free book, "THE NATURE CURE".

REMEMBER, in every case I accept, my 20 years' reputation is at stake.

WEIDHAAS

HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 166, BURGESS HILL, near

BRIGHTON; but, if you prefer a personal Consultation, call on me.

LONDON CONSULTING ROOMS: Piccadilly-mansions, 17, Shaftesbury-avenue; Piccadilly Circus. All information, and all particulars pertaining to the "NATURE" Cure, and the "NATURE" Treatment, may also be obtained personally at the above address.

FREE OF CHARGE. For examination a nominal fee will be charged. CONSULTING HOURS, 10-3 daily.

# LORD ANGLESEY.

The Story of His Strange and Fantastic Career.

(Continued from page 4.)

his admission that he was quite unaware of either their value or number, and had never made a list of them. Among them was a pearl, a family heirloom, valued at £12,000.

Even at the time of his marriage in 1888 he showed his passion for jewels, and presented his bride with quantities of magnificent emeralds. During their short married life he continued to shower jewels upon her.

Within two years after the wedding Lady Anglesey applied for a decree of nullity of marriage and secured it, but only a few months later she petitioned against, and secured the setting aside of, the decree. Even then, until the final scene of his death, the reconciliation was not complete.

Lady Anglesey, one of the most beautiful women in England, was a Miss Lilian Chetwynd, daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and Florence Lady Hastings.

All these things were enough to make the young Marquis one of the most talked of men in the country. Then came the crowning sensation of his bankruptcy and the consequent sale of his belongings.

The sale revealed Anglesey Castle as a second Aladdin's cave. Gold and jewels were scattered everywhere.

At one time it was said that the contents of the castle were worth a million sterling. The facts were extravagant enough to account for the rumour. The catalogue proved to be one of the most extraordinary documents which have ever been printed. The lots in it had only been brought together after long and patient search.

## JEWELLERY EVERYWHERE.

Valuable possessions were discovered in odd corners everywhere. Jewellery valued at £25,000 was found in an unlocked drawer. A valuable old spinet case was discovered—by the buyer at an absurdly small figure, be it added—in a loft over an outhouse.

The furniture of the living-rooms was gorgeous. At a writing-table, blotter of gold, gold pens set with jewels, gold inkpots standing in gold inkstands; in the bedroom gold goblets, gold-backed brushes, gold puff-boxes; standing about in corners sticks with jewels in gold settings; even gold statuettes.

On the walls were pictures in wonderful frames. A telegram from the King and another from the Queen were framed in silver-gilt, adorned with diamonds.

Motoring was one of the Marquis's hobbies, and the creditors found themselves with nine cars of different kinds and sizes. For one he had paid £2,500, and driven only nineteen miles.

But it was the Marquis's wardrobe which created the greatest sensation. Never had such a list of garments been heard of before.

It was not only the extraordinary nature of the collection, but also the quantity which made it a nine days' wonder.

Sixty-one lots consisted of footgear alone. There were 721 ties, while the suits, overcoats, and shirts totalled up to 260 lots.

It was the wonderful collection of over a hundred dressing-gowns which created the greatest surprise. Many of them were extremely valuable,

many were fantastic, all were so for a man. Blue silk, pink silk, heliotrope silk gowns, many magnificently worked and embroidered, some fur-lined, were among the list.

The collection of fancy waistcoats was the next sensation. They ran into forty-eight lots—the description of "fancy" is quite inadequate.

The underclothing was sold in dozens, including the black dress-shirts which the Marquis used to wear with a white dress-suit. There were 374 silk shirts, 216 pairs of silk socks, and 62 dozen handkerchiefs.

The overcoats were equally sensational, and included a sable coat valued at £1,000, and a black serge motor-coat with white kid collar and cuffs.

A dozen ladies' bathing-dresses were also included in the catalogue. Everything seemed to have been bought in quantities—and then forgotten.

It was in the matter of walking-sticks that the

Marquis gave his fancy freest play.

They were of every conceivable material and design, and all were valuable; the greater number were studded with jewels, and many were mechanical wonders. Carved animals of all kinds, with jewelled eyes, were among the collection. One magnificent cockatoo raised his crest when a spring was touched. Other sticks were headed with camels, goats, dogs, elephants, and half the animals that left the Ark.

## LOST PEDIGREES.

Numbers of valuable dogs, known to be of good pedigree, were sold; but fetched small prices as the pedigree were not to be found and no record of their purchase had been kept.

The sale lasted forty days, and even then did not include the more valuable items, which were sold in London.

Directly bankruptcy proceedings began the Marquis went abroad, and, a comparatively poor man, settled down to live a retired life. Even then his tastes did not change, and he spent his time in buying cheap jewellery and learning to knit.

He always looked forward to the time when his affairs would once more be settled and he would be able to reappear.

The person who has lost most by the eccentricity of his career is the small baby girl whom he adopted and who has gone back to her parents after a short experience of luxury and wild extravagance.

## A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.



Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Iris Hawkins.

sent for Billy was the one and only thing she could have done.

Certainly the girl's spirits improved from that day. Billy was indefatigable; the very sight of him and the sound of his voice banished melancholy, and made madrigal introspection impossible.

He did everything there was to do, and did it with such evident will. From early morning, when he ran across the gardens and down the steps of the terrace into the sea, and swam with strong, swift strokes in the icy water, until bedtime, he was never without some occupation, some play, some enthusiasm, in all of which he forced Joan to join.

He took the girl for long walks, and he made her complete play systems at Monte Carlo in a very modest but extremely exciting way, so that they came back flushed with triumph having won two louis each. He was always with her, taking himself absolutely to the task that her mother had imposed upon him, and watched over her with a vigilant care behind his easy, happy-go-lucky manner that Vanna recognised, and was consequently perfectly happy to leave Joan in his charge, and unutterably content with the success of her experiment.

He drove the girl in Lady Betty's motor-car up into the mountain valley, where the snow had melted and the ground was carpeted with violets and anemones, and the oranges loaded the trees with their brilliant gold. The two women were quite content to let them go alone. Vanna was eager that Joan should be in no way reminded of the dark time of suffering that she had passed through, and Lady Betty quite agreed with her. So they went their own ways, Lady Betty meeting many friends and being entertained by them, and Vanna succumbing once more to the attractions of the gambling rooms, where the most marvellous good luck attended her and she became the sensation of the season, as far as her winnings were concerned.

"And that day we went to Versailles," Joan put in, "and I nearly fell into one of the fountains—and the Foir au Pain d'Epice—and then the day I made you take me to a matinée at the Folies Bergères, and you didn't think it at all right?"

And so on for quite a long time, and, when it was time for déjeuner, Vanna, coming across the lawns to tell them, heard Joan's laugh ring out with an intense gratitude and a feeling that to have

## CHILD'S TRIUMPH.

Tiny Actress Wins First Honours in Last Night's New Play.

There is no doubt about it—the greatest hit in "Everybody's Secret," the new Haymarket play, was made by a child.

Mr. Cyril Maude is delightfully young and quaint in his old buffer. Miss Jessie Bateman makes every man in the audience understand quite well why Captain Parkes of the Guards married her out of a flower shop. Mr. Edmund Maurice is the "heartiest" naval officer ever known.

Yet little Miss Iris Hawkins beats them all. She sits on the floor playing trains, and turning out her Noah's Ark (or rather his Noah's Ark, for

## THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.



Mr. Edmund Maurice, Miss Jessie Bateman, and Mr. Charles Bryant in the new Haymarket play.

the child in the play is a boy), and looking for all the world like Buster Brown; and every woman in the audience wants to pick him (or her) up and give her (or him) a good hug.

Indeed, it would not be at all surprising if the stage door were besieged by devoted mothers and aunts, clamouring to be allowed to kiss this delicate infant before it goes home.

The story really is the child, and the child the story. When Captain Parkes married Nell, the Regent-street flower-shop girl, his parents declined to recognise the marriage in any way. In fact, neither of them even saw Nell until several years afterwards, by which time little Micky was five. Then old Sir Michael Parkes could not hold out any longer. He put his pride in his pocket, and went and made his grandson's acquaintance, and soon was a daily visitor at his daughter-in-law's little flat.

Not long afterwards an old friend of the family persuaded Lady Parkes to relent too, and she also found Nell and Micky delightful. So she used to go and see them every day between four and five, quite unconscious that her husband had been there from two to four, what time he was supposed to be slumbering at the Athenaeum Club.

Each was afraid to tell the other what a sweet wife and child their son had got, but, of course, it came out in time, and everything ended up amid floods of happy tears.

It is rather a thin plot, but the good acting helps it out—and then there is always the child.

## IS BEAUTY ONLY SKIN DEEP?—IV.

[The previous articles of this series appeared in the "Daily Mirror" of February 23rd, March 3rd and 8th.]

We have in our three previous articles dealt with six of the principal groups of skin troubles, and we now continue the discussion of the subject, and give the remaining groups not already dealt with.

### 7. Skin Troubles Caused by Impure Blood.

Skin diseases of this kind usually show themselves in the form of *humoury* or *mattery* sores. These may be either moist or dry, and are often accompanied by enlarged neck glands and other signs of general ill-health and low vitality. They are especially prevalent among weak, delicate children, who have what is known as a tendency to scrofula, and among adults who are run down as a result of overwork, late hours, or careless living.

To effect a cure in these cases, "Antexema" should be applied outwardly to the parts affected, and a little powdered sulphur dusted on afterwards. This treatment should be further supplemented by a course of "Antexema Granules."

There are certain chemical elements that are the great enemy of the microbes of disease. These elements are found in many mineral springs, such as those of Harrogate and Strathpeffer, and hence it is that sufferers from diseases due to impurity of the blood go to the springs, drink the waters, and regain their health. "Antexema Granules" contain the important soluble compounds found in the mineral springs, and their marvellous curative power in all cases of skin troubles are brought right into the homes of everyone at a cost of less than half a penny per day.

### 8. Skin Troubles Caused by Insects and Vegetable Moulds.

Just as an ordinary clothes' moth eats into and destroys clothing, so do certain parasites affect the scarf-skin. Owing to its exposed position it is easily accessible to such scourges. Under this heading may be included Insect Bites, Pediculi, Ringworm, and Scabies or the Itch. People who are themselves the pattern of cleanliness may be attacked by troubles of the latter kind, owing to contact with the unclean.

### 9. Skin Troubles Affecting Special Parts.

The skin troubles which affect particular parts of the body are unhappily many and varied, including:—Baby's Skin Troubles; Bad Complexions; Affections of the Feet, Ears, Eyes; Freckles; Hair, Lip, and Chin Troubles; Piles; Scalp-Troubles and Wrinkles, and are dealt with in the "Antexema" treatise.

### CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

To satisfy any sufferer as to the harmless and non-poisonous nature of "Antexema," we append the following certificate of analysis made by Granville H. Sharpe, F.C.S., of 11 and 12, Great Tower Street, London, E.C., the well-known analyst:

"In accordance with instructions received, I hereby certify that I have submitted "Antexema" to careful chemical analysis, and I find that it contains, in a most desirable and advantageous form, valuable curative and palliative agents, and that it is entirely free from any poisonous or dangerous admixture. I consider it to be an excellent and effective preparation, and that it will prove of much benefit in all afflictions of the skin."

(Signed) GRANVILLE H. SHARPE, F.C.S., etc.

### THIS ARTICLE

concludes our general remarks on the various causes of skin trouble, which, for convenience' sake, we classified under nine headings. The intense interest excited by these short, discursive notes on common skin ailments has proved the great importance the public attach to the subject. We shall, therefore, publish in our next article some typical expressions of opinion recently received. These letters are highly gratifying to us and amply repay all the trouble we have taken in the matter. In answer to many requests we have had these nine classified headings reprinted in book form, and have added an alphabetically-arranged appendix treating of each complaint separately. A copy of this reprint will be forwarded on application as per the offer below.

### NOTICE THE OFFER BELOW.

"Antexema" is the most efficacious remedy known for the relief of all inflamed, irritated, and irritable conditions of the skin. Its beneficial effects are not confined to the curing of Eczema, Psoriasis, Nettlerash, Erysipelas, Boils, and other serious troubles, but it is also by far the best remedy for Cuts, Burns, Sores, Bruises, Insect Bites, and every variety of trouble to which the skin is liable. "Antexema" is an indispensable article for the dressing-table, as a cure for acne, pimples, chaps, chafed, rough, or irritable skin, and gentlemen with tender skin find it most soothing after shaving. "Antexema" can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, or direct post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. Our bottle entitled "Skin Troubles," which is full of most interesting and valuable information regarding all skin ailments, will be sent post free to readers of the "Daily Mirror," together with free trial of "Antexema." All you need to do is to mention "Daily Mirror," and enclose three penny stamps to cover postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 88, Castle-road, London, N.W. You had better write at once.

(Continued on page 15.)



## SMART GOWNS IN "EVERYBODY'S SECRET" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

## SPRING ON THE STAGE.

## A PRINCESS GOWN MOST BEAUTIFULLY MADE.

"Everybody's Secret," the comedy in three acts produced last night at the Haymarket Theatre, reveals some smart dresses, epitomes of what will be the most fashionable among the beautiful habiliments of the spring.

To Miss Carlotta Addison's share as Lady Parkes fall some handsome matronly toilettes, one of which is made of green shot taffetas with a full skirt pleated upon the hips and a cross-over bodice draped over a vest of rich cream lace and gold embroidery, with an inner vest of white lace. Her very novel and smart green cloak is made of green chiffon velours decorated with sable, and she wears a stringless green bonnet prettily trimmed with clusters of grapes.

In another scene Miss Addison wears a long velvet pelisse trimmed with sable gathered in at the waist, the revers and collar of which are edged with sable, which is exquisitely softened by a cravat of cream lace.

Miss Jessie Bateman to suit the exigencies of the play is robed throughout most simply but becomingly in the palest blue cloth, the full skirt of which is edged with tucks, to match which tucks are added to the bodice and sleeves. The waistband fastens at the back with a buckle, and the pretty collar and cuffs are made of muslin and lace, and the former is worn above a black stock tie.

## Splendour for Miss Helen Ferrers.

Miss Helen Ferrers as Mrs. Mellor, a sister of Lady Parkes, wears the two most distinguished and fashionable frocks in the play. Her first appearance is made in a very attractive-looking gown, which will be seen at the right-hand side of the picture shown on this page. It is a toilette of orchid mauve chiffon with a full and flowing skirt flounced thrice, and a cross-over bodice of the same fabric. Over it is worn a very original and beautiful looking three-quarter-length transparency coat of the finest lace adorned with embroidery; it has short sleeves, and the puffs of the mauve elbow ones appear beneath them. A handsome muff and stole of moleskin lined with ermine, and a hat turned up at the side to show a bunch of ostrich feathers, complete the scheme.

At the left side of the picture will be perceived Miss Ferrers's dress of the third act—a beautifully-modelled Princess gown of champagne cloth, hanging full from the hips, and trimmed with enormous cloth buttons centred with steel. It has a high bolero drapery upon the bodice and very full sleeves, respectively trimmed with revers and cuffs of embroidered silk. The mauve chip hat is trimmed with lilac and roses, and gives an excellent touch of colour to the prevailing neutrality of the rest of the toilette. Altogether these gowns are lovely and most becoming.

## HOW NATURE WARNS US.

The Americans are an amazing people. An art publisher at Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., has been fined \$5 for displaying in his window Lord Leighton's "Psyche at the Bath." The Court considered the picture to be improper!

It really is wonderful how absurd poor modern man can be when he tries. Our bodies should be, and could be, fit temples for the spirit, but, by unnatural living, we have so degraded them that we are ashamed of them—ashamed not only of the wrecks we have made of Nature's handiwork, but of the body beautiful.

When I read of Yankee prudery I think what havoc has been caused by the misuse of the word

"indecent." We fear man rather than Nature, and when we have to pay the fine for insulting her—a much heavier fine than that imposed by American magistrates—we grumble and groan. "Nature never forgets, and seldom forgives," wrote Sir Andrew Clark. An ache or a pain is Nature's way of saying: "You are going wrong;

I warn you." "Oh, shut up," we answer foolishly, as we swallow some poisonous and altogether unnecessary tonic or drug. In that way we smother the voice, but do not stop Nature's intention.

There are signs that senseless, wicked prudery is on the wane in England, and one of these days we shall dress not to please convention, not to irritate

the lady next door, not for fear of what fools may think, but to keep our bodies healthy and graceful.

"Psyche at the Bath" is glorious nature. It is women with drawn-in waists, high-heeled boots, and trailing skirts who are "improper."

If common sense could be substituted for narrow-minded ignorance and prudery, England would not lose 20,000,000 weeks a year on account of sickness, as she is doing.

MACDONALD SMITH.



THE two dresses Miss Helen Ferrers wears as Mrs. Mellor in "Everybody's Secret," produced last night at the Haymarket Theatre, are shown above, and are described in "Spring on the Stage."

## A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

But Billy saw that what was not the same was her mind. That had changed; she was no more the girl chum of Paris; there was no longer an absolute confidence between them. Behind her smile and her returning high spirits and her interest in all their mutual pursuits there was a barrier raised between their minds.

And, as he thought the matter out in the solitude of his own room, he gradually came to the conclusion that something must have come into her life and changed her. And if her illness had been the result of it, then perhaps it would take a very long time before the cloud lifted entirely, and she became once more entirely her old self. And there he stopped in his reflections, for he possessed that rare sense of honour that feels it as an acute discomfit to attempt to pry into the secret places of other people's lives, even those of his nearest and dearest. For him there was nothing but to wait and watch over her, as far as he was allowed to, and his reward, for the present, must be that he had helped to bring back the light to her eyes, and the smile to her lips.

But, after the motor-car accident, a change took place within him, too, and what had been peace became restlessness, and what had been joy became pain, and all the deep and fine feeling that his nature was capable of grew in intensity with

every day, and centred around one object, and that was the tall, slim girl with the wonderful eyes, who looked upon him only as her friend.

And, with the realisation, came a sudden darkening of the fair prospect that was spread around him, as if the sun had ceased to shine. And because he could not bear for a single moment to sail under false colours, and because, like Joan, he could only speak the truth, he sought out Mrs. Tempest as soon as he thoroughly understood himself.

It was one afternoon, when he and Joan had just come back from Monte Carlo, where they had been watching the motor-boat races, and he had found Vanna alone in the beautiful white room that led out into the gardens.

"Billy," she said at once, with deep feeling in her voice, "I don't think I have ever thanked you. I have really had no opportunity. But I can't tell you how really grateful I am to you. You have worked wonderfully, and is different from any since you came. You have done more than all the doctors."

"I am so glad that you are satisfied, Mrs. Tempest," he answered. "Indeed, I have done nothing—nothing—but what has been the greatest joy to me. But I wanted to speak to you."

"What about, Billy?" she asked, and then added, with concern, on seeing his serious face: "Don't tell me that you want to go away!"

"I feel that I ought to," he said.

"Oh, Billy, why?"

"I will be frank with you, Mrs. Tempest," he said very gravely. "I am afraid I am selfish, but I think I ought to go for my own sake."

"You mean—oh, Billy!" Vanna's voice grew pitiful.

"I mean that I love her—I can't help it. I suppose I always did. And you would let me marry her?"

The simple words went to Vanna's heart. She did not resent what he implied, that she was bent on her daughter making what is considered by the world a good match. She stretched out her hand as soon as he thoroughly understood himself.

"Billy," she said, and wondered at the warmth and sincerity of her own words, "there was a time when I would have been horrified at the idea of Joan marrying you. I will be frank, too. I wanted her to marry Harry St. Peter's, and be a duchess, and have the world at her feet. But all that is past; I have learned many bitter lessons, and now I want her to marry a man who is good and true—and who loves her."

"I cannot tell you how I love her," he answered, "because I have no words to tell it in. But I am afraid that she will never listen to me. I am afraid I am only her chum, that she could never bring herself to look upon me as anything else."

"Billy," said Vanna suddenly, "will you trust me?"

"Of course I will, Mrs. Tempest."

"I can't tell you anything. I can't explain. Only—don't speak to Joan yet—not perhaps for a long time. Can you wait?"

"I will wait," Billy said, without hesitation. "I would wait all my life if I could win her at the end."

(To be continued.)

## HOLIDAY MONEY.

Do not worry over this perennial problem. Some always have money for their holidays; but there is a large army of holiday-makers to whom the question of expense is a serious proposition. British ingenuity has come to the relief of this self-dependent army. For their help has been contrived the ingenious "Daily Mail" Automatic Savings Bank, manufactured by The World's Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Victoria-street, S.W., and sold for 1s. It fills a want that has faced the improvident for ages. It will collect and register your old sixpences and shillings up to £5 19s. 6d. You set the wheels you wish to save. Each coin, as inserted, tells on the outside how much is still needed to make up the desired amount, and when the last coin is slipped in the bank opens. You can get for the same price a "London Magazine" Savings Bank, a similar device for pence and ha'pence that saves up to 1s. These banks are for sale at all bookstalls, stationers, fancy goods' dealers, ironmongers, etc., or can be obtained post free for 1s. 2d. from the makers.

## BRIDLAND'S VALUE IN SKIRTS.

4/II CORDED & GATHERED.  
BRANCHES—15A Oxford-st., W.; 139, High-st., Kensington; 147, Brompton-rd., S.W.; 22 & 23, Edgware-rd., Maida Vale; 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 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1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1

# POOR SPORT AT DERBY STEEPECHASES.

Caerleon Carries the Wrong Weight and Is Disqualified—Westralia's Success.

## GATWICK'S FINE PROGRAMME.

Showers and sunshines were mixed at Derby, and the weather for the second stage of the meeting was not at all agreeable. The rain rendered the course very heavy and the sport all round was weak.

Redemer, ridden by his owner, tried to follow up his Hurst Park victory, and led for the greater part of the way in the Shipley Hall Steeplechase, finishing the third mile in good style. Then he gave way to Runtania, who was followed by the favourite, hard-riden, and beaten by half a length. Hercules II, and Sequel II, were in the paddock, but neither was pulled out for the race.

Heavy rain fell as the nine competitors were running for the Quandron Hurdle, and it was difficult to distinguish the colours. Despite several disappointing displays, Madron was again heavily supported, and now recovered the losses. His most dangerous opponent was Rhomboid, who succumbed rather easily, and was virtually beaten between the last two hurdles. Madron was sold for 100s.

The Devonshire Handicap Hurdle was a failure. Jarvis did not send out any representative, and only a dozen competitors spelt risks. Madron, who had been beaten in the paddock, came from behind to beat his ears and refused a strenuous effort from the last hurdle, allowing Westralia to score rather readily. Arthur Nightingale fortunately escaped injury when Puerto Felt.

Caerleon, after finishing first for the Stayers' Steeplechase, was disqualified for carrying the wrong weight. He won the Nestor Steeplechase at Henton Park in April three years ago, and was therefore not entitled to the 4lb. allowance set forth in the conditions of the subsequent auction. Eager Boy, who fell, retraced his steps, and eventually completed the course, though the judge had left the box. Kit Kataloum fell after going a mile, and Simpson was pulled up six furlongs from home.

Quickstream had, so report went, been so highly tried for the Pastures Hurdle that only slight odds were laid on Tasso, who, however, won in a canter. Mr. Bell's representative was very well supported.

The final race was the Elevation Handicap Steeplechase. Five only came under the starter's orders. Titus II, was favourite, but ran badly, and Royal Cygnet scored easily from Madron.

Superior sport will be seen at the Gatwick meeting which commences to-day. Nothing but fine weather is needed to make it a popular success.

## SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

### GATWICK.

2.0—Burstow Steeplechase—GEORGE FORDHAM.  
2.30—Wickham Hurdle—ANXIUS.  
3.0—Horleyland Hurdle—EASTERN FRIARS.  
3.30—Tantivy Steeplechase—JUDAS.  
4.0—Tyro Hurdle—MISS BLUCHER.  
4.30—Surry Steeplechase—SEISDON PRINCE.

### SPECIAL SELECTION.

#### SEISDON PRINCE.

#### GREY FRIARS.

### RACING RETURNS.

#### DERBY—TUESDAY.

1.45—SHIPLEY HALL HANDICAP STEEPECHASE PLATE of 50 sovereigns. Three miles and three furlongs. Mr. C. Bowes Ismay's THEODOCION, 1st 5lb. Mr. Ferguson 1. Mr. A. W. Walton's RURITANIA, aged 10st 10lb. Mr. T. Southall's HERALD, 5pds, 10st 10lb. Newey 2. Mr. C. Waller's 5pds, 10st 10lb. Skorno (grys, 10st 6lb). Court Flavour (grys, 10st 5lb). Bissell (grys, 10st 6lb). (Winner trained by Gill.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 3 to 1 agn Madron, 9 to 2 agn Redemer, 6 to 1 Ruritania, 10 to 1 Herald, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—QUANDRON SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE PLATE of 70 sovereigns. Winner to be sold for 50 sovereigns. Two miles.

Mr. A. McKinlay's MADRON, 4pds, 10st 5lb. F. Mason 1. Mr. H. G. Parker's 5pds, 10st 5lb. Mr. Bissell 2. Mr. C. Waller's HARD LUCK, aged 11st 12lb. Waddington 3.

Also ran: Romford (aged, 12st 7lb). Wainwrose (grys, 12st 6lb). Wild Apple (grys, 12st 11lb). Scotch Trotter (grys, 12st 6lb). Barker's Pole, grys, 10st 12lb. Jolly Jim (4pds, 10st 11lb). (Winner trained by Coulchaitwaite.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 3 to 1 agn Madron, 7 to 2 agn Redemer, 6 to 1 each Wild Apple and Rhomboid, 7 to 1 Harry, 10 to 1 each Scotch Trotter and Barker's Pole, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—SPANNISH SELLING STEEPECHASE PLATE of 70 sovereigns. Winner to be sold for 50 sovereigns. Two miles.

Mr. Bowes Ismay's WESTRALIA, 10st 5lb. F. Mason 2. Mr. A. W. Walton's ST. MEDOC, 5pds, 10st 10lb. Mr. Bell 3. Also ran: Mrs. KARLI, aged 10st 4lb. Mr. Bell 3. Ashes (grys, 10st 5lb). Puerto (aged, 11st 12lb). Bissell, 4lb. (Winner trained by Gill.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 2 to 1 agn Little Madron, 9 to 4 agn Puerto, and 5 to 2 agn Caerleon, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—DEVONSHIRE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE PLATE of 150 sovereigns. Two miles.

Mr. Bowes Ismay's WESTRALIA, 10st 5lb. Gossell 1. Mr. A. W. Walton's ST. MEDOC, 5pds, 10st 10lb. F. Mason 2.

Also ran: Mrs. KARLI, aged 10st 4lb. Mr. Bell 3. Ashes (grys, 10st 5lb). Puerto (aged, 11st 12lb). Bissell, 4lb. (Winner trained by A. Wood.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 2 to 1 agn Little Madron, 9 to 4 agn Puerto, and 5 to 2 agn Caerleon, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—STAYERS' SELLING STEEPECHASE PLATE of 70 sovereigns. About three miles.

Mr. Martineau Lloyd's LITTLE DAVID, 6pds, 12st 7lb. Wood 1. Mr. G. Dodd's Caerleon, aged 12st 5lb. ... R. Morgan 2. Also ran: Simpson (grys, 12st 11lb). Eager Boy (grys, 11st 6lb). Kit Kat (grys, 10st 12lb). (Winner trained by A. Wood.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 3 to 1 agn Little Madron, 9 to 4 agn Eager Boy, 5 to 2 agn Caerleon, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—POOR SPORT AT DERBY STEEPECHASES.

An objection against Caerleon for carrying incorrect

weight was sustained, and the race awarded to Little David.

3.55—PASTURES MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 70 sovereigns. Two miles. Mr. A. Ross's TASSO, 4pds, 1st 3lb. ... Mason 1. Mr. H. G. Parker's LITTLE DAVID, 6pds, 1st 7lb. ... Mr. Ferguson 3. Also ran: Quick Stream (grys, 10st 7lb). (Winner trained by Costello.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 6 to 4 on Tasso, 2 to 1 agn Quick Stream, 7 to 1 Little David, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—SOUTHERN STEEPECHASE PLATE of 70 sovereigns. Three lengths, ten lengths between second and third.

4.25—ELVASTON MEDICAP STEEPECHASE PLATE of 70 sovereigns. Two miles. Mr. P. B. Foster's ROYAL CYGNET, 5pds, 10st 7lb. ... Sharp 1. Mr. F. Bibby's MARCHALONG, 6pds, 10st 10lb. ... Mr. L. Anthony 1. Mr. Walton's WINFIELD'S DOWER, aged 10st 10lb. ... Waller 3.

Also ran: Titus II, (aged, 11st 5lb). Funny Wag (aged, 10st 12lb). (Winner trained by Wilkinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agn Titus II, 3 to 1 agn Marchalong, 5 to 2 agn Funny Wag, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—STYLING HALL HANDICAP HURDLE of 70 sovereigns. Two miles. Mr. H. G. Parker's ROYAL CYGNET, 5pds, 10st 7lb. ... Sharp 1. Mr. F. Bibby's MARCHALONG, 6pds, 10st 10lb. ... Mr. L. Anthony 1. Mr. Walton's WINFIELD'S DOWER, aged 10st 10lb. ... Waller 3.

Also ran: Titus II, (aged, 11st 5lb). Funny Wag (aged, 10st 12lb). (Winner trained by Wilkinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agn Titus II, 3 to 1 agn Marchalong, 5 to 2 agn Funny Wag, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—WICKHAM HURDLE RACE (handicap) of 100 sovereigns. Two miles. Mr. H. G. Parker's ROYAL CYGNET, 5pds, 10st 7lb. ... Sharp 1. Mr. F. Bibby's MARCHALONG, 6pds, 10st 10lb. ... Mr. L. Anthony 1. Mr. Walton's WINFIELD'S DOWER, aged 10st 10lb. ... Waller 3.

Also ran: TITUS II, (aged, 11st 5lb). Funny Wag (aged, 10st 12lb). (Winner trained by Wilkinson.)

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1.55—HORLEYLAND SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 100 sovereigns. Winner to be sold for 50 sovereigns. Two miles. Mr. H. G. Parker's ROYAL CYGNET, 5pds, 10st 7lb. ... Sharp 1. Mr. F. Bibby's MARCHALONG, 6pds, 10st 10lb. ... Mr. L. Anthony 1. Mr. Walton's WINFIELD'S DOWER, aged 10st 10lb. ... Waller 3.

Also ran: TITUS II, (aged, 11st 5lb). Funny Wag (aged, 10st 12lb). (Winner trained by Wilkinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agn Titus II, 3 to 1 agn Marchalong, 5 to 2 agn Funny Wag, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—TANTIVY STEEPECHASE of 500 sovereigns. Two miles. Mr. H. G. Parker's ROYAL CYGNET, 5pds, 10st 7lb. ... Sharp 1. Mr. F. Bibby's MARCHALONG, 6pds, 10st 10lb. ... Mr. L. Anthony 1. Mr. Walton's WINFIELD'S DOWER, aged 10st 10lb. ... Waller 3.

Also ran: TITUS II, (aged, 11st 5lb). Funny Wag (aged, 10st 12lb). (Winner trained by Wilkinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agn Titus II, 3 to 1 agn Marchalong, 5 to 2 agn Funny Wag, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—SURREY STEEPECHASE (handicap) of 200 sovereigns. Two miles. The winner of this race will not incur a penalty in the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase.

Also ran: Mr. H. G. Parker's ROYAL CYGNET, 5pds, 10st 7lb. ... Sharp 1. Mr. F. Bibby's MARCHALONG, 6pds, 10st 10lb. ... Mr. L. Anthony 1. Mr. Walton's WINFIELD'S DOWER, aged 10st 10lb. ... Waller 3.

Also ran: TITUS II, (aged, 11st 5lb). Funny Wag (aged, 10st 12lb). (Winner trained by Wilkinson.)

Betting.—"Sporting Life" Prices: 5 to 4 agn Titus II, 3 to 1 agn Marchalong, 5 to 2 agn Funny Wag, and 100 to 8 others.

1.55—TYRO SELLING HURDLE RACE of 100 sovereigns. Two miles. Mr. H. G. Parker's ROYAL CYGNET, 5pds, 10st 7lb. ... Sharp 1. Mr. F. Bibby's MARCHALONG, 6pds, 10st 10lb. ... Mr. L. Anthony 1. Mr. Walton's WINFIELD'S DOWER, aged 10st 10lb. ... Waller 3.

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## CHAMPION ANGLERS.

Dalston Beat Brompton in the Final of the Competition and Win the Shield.

### ONE FISH AMONG TWELVE.

The third competition for the London Anglers' Association's challenge shield, which carries with it the championship of the London clubs, has been brought to a conclusion, the Dalston Angling Society beating the Brompton Angling Society in the final round.

It was the second meeting of the clubs, the sides having attempted to bring the match to a definite issue the previous week in the Medway at Tonbridge, but no fish were caught, and on Sunday the Thames at Chertsey was resorted to. Matters were little better than before, but towards the close of the evening one of the Dalston men caught an eight-inch roach, and though meagre the catch for twelve anglers, it sufficed and Dalston were held to be the winners. They will hold the shield for the season, and the six members of the winning team will receive gold medals, and the six unsuccessful Brompton men will be rewarded with silver medals of the occasion.

The angling championship is quite one of the sporting affairs of the year. Starting as it does in June or July, it goes right through the season, and only in the last of the nine months during which angling for coarse fish is permissible does it end.

### Rules of the Competition.

Some fifty or sixty clubs annually enter for the competition, which is conducted on exactly similar lines to those on which the Football Association Cup is contested for. The club on which the hat of the team it has made a choice of water, and in the earlier rounds this often means a lot.

No club is entitled, however, to take its opponents more than 40,000 yards from home, while under the association's private card, meagre though it is, a distance of fifty miles out of London as the maximum.

All the work in connection with the competition is honest, references will supply the various matches paying their expenses.

Naturally this competition is largely a roach-fishing concern, but although no fish legitimately caught are barred, it is only on occasion that pike, barbel, bream, or chub play any considerable rôle in the matches. Such clubs as the Good Intent and Hoxton Brothers perhaps include in their membership the best-known exponents of the roach-fishing art, which is even more difficult to learn than the most intricate style of casting the net or fly-fishing. Long years of practice and study are required before a man can hope to become a master of the sport. Yet neither of the famous clubs has ever won the shield—Hoxton were the first in 1862-3 and were beaten in 1864-5, while the Hoxton Brothers have not won this season is the first time an East or North London club has won the trophy. Thus, the famed Lea style of angling has had to bow the knee to the Thames style, which is probably more easily learned. The West End club, however, is generally considered less effective than the delicate work of the artist hand of the man who learned his angling in Isaac Walton's favourite river.

### Previous Winners.

Last year the Eagle Angling Society—a North London or Lea club—were beaten by Ealing, a typical, and perhaps the best club practising the Thames style. The match was fished in the Ivel at Biggleswade. The water was very bad, and the fish were few, but Ealing won three fish against eleven the Ealing won by an ounce and a half, a pound and a quarter roach, giving them their victory.

It is, however, also in a spate, the Brompton club beat Hoxton Brothers in the Thames at Chertsey with two fish against three. Thus it will be seen that in the later matches of the competition luck has played a prominent rôle.

I have taken part in many of these matches, either as a competitor or as an official, and in a lifelong experience of sport have never met with keener opponents than the members of the clubs that have contested these matches. The medal I won as a member of the losing team in the final last season is one of my most treasured sporting trophies.

Having now joined the Dalston on this occasion in this year's competition, I take the greater pleasure because the Brompton have previously won the shield, and because the Dalston are the first of the East End societies to prove their mettle. And I am sure that all my friends in the West of London will think that there is no roach-angler to compare with one who learnt in the Lea.

The mysterious weather spoilt this year's final, angling being almost impossible in the gale which swept the waters of Father Thames.

CITIZEN.

### RUGBY'S RECORD GATE.

The gate receipts at Saturday's international at Swansgate reached £1,700, and the stands realised £163, making a total of £2,263, which exceeds the previous best for an international Rugby match by £19. The broken record was established at Cardiff two years ago, in the game between the same countries.

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SMITHS

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